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THE
LONDON REVIEW
OF
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Prussians have at last delivered their assault upon the lines of Dybbøl, but have been thrice repulsed by the brave and stubborn defenders of this strong position. It is said that the German troops at last refused to obey the orders of their officers to advance; nor is it at all improbable that this should have happened at the close of an engagement obstinately contested for seven hours. Although few particulars of the battle have yet reached us, there can be no doubt that it was an obstinately contested, hand-to-hand fight, which the Danes (confessedly inferior in artillery and other arms) must have won by dint of superior endurance and obstinacy. We need hardly say that we warmly sympathise in the natural exultation with which such an event cannot fail to inspire all the friends of Denmark. The heroic gallantry which her troops are displaying in the field furnishes additional ground, if any were needed, for doing everything in our power to prevent the dismemberment with which she is menaced. A nation which can thus defend itself against overwhelming odds makes out the best possible case for its right to exist. That case has been otherwise strengthened during the last few days. Even German writers have ceased to represent the inhabitants of Slesvig as favourable to the invaders. They admit that the Duke of Augustenburg has no partisans beyond the Eider; and that the Austrian and Prussian armies are everywhere regarded as enemies not as deliverers. Indeed, unless this were so, no words could be too strong to use in denunciation of the conduct of Marshal von Wrangel and General Gablenz. For it is clear from the testimony of impartial and even of favourable eye-witnesses that they have treated the country which they have occupied as that of an enemy; and have inflicted upon it and its inhabitants all the rigours of war. Nothing could justify the course which they have pursued except the necessity of maintaining their ground against a hostile population by the most stringent measures of military rule. Whatever may be said as to Holstein, the nationality theory must be considered as completely exploded in regard to Slesvig. So far as the latter Duchy is concerned, no one can now entertain the least doubt that the Austrians and Prussians are invading a thoroughly Danish province, and are endeavouring to dictate the mode of government of a thoroughly Danish population. It should be a great advantage to have the question thus reduced to the single issue, whether an independent kingdom is to be more or less dismembered because a neighbouring people have discovered in certain old parchments and some long past historical events the means of covering by a hollow and fraudulent claim of right, their unscrupulous desire for territorial aggrandisement. But the members of the

Conference, which we understand is likely to meet in London on the 12th instant, will not be much influenced by these considerations. Denmark and her friends will then have a hard bargain to drive with the German Powers. Nor is it easy at present to form any guess at the probable result. We do not, indeed, yet know whether Austria and Prussia will adhere to the Conference notwithstanding the defeat at Dybbøl. That they may possibly regard this event as putting negotiation for a time out of the question, is a consideration which must to a certain extent diminish the satisfaction with which we have heard of the recent engagement. On the other hand, there are grounds for hoping that the Courts of Vienna and Berlin will not allow this event to postpone the attempt at a settlement of this long-standing quarrel. They have evidently recovered, or are fast recovering, the direction of German policy. Teutonic enthusiasm once more baffled and betrayed by its rulers is dying out. The smaller princes, relieved from the dread of revolution, are becoming again the humble friends of the great Powers. The Diet may not yet, but it soon will, be ready to register the edicts of Austria and Prussia as it has done for the half century of its existence. And there can, therefore, be no reason why these two States should persist in extravagant demands which must involve the continuance of war. They might, indeed, perhaps derive some encouragement to prolong the struggle from the daily diminishing chance of Denmark receiving any material assistance; for even the Storting of Norway has stipulated that Sweden shall not interfere without allies—who are not likely to be forthcoming. But if it be true, as one of the German papers asserts, that France is proposing to decide the fate of Slesvig by universal suffrage, Austria at least ought to lose no time in patching up an accommodation, which may avert the creation of a precedent whose application to Venetia and Hungary would be equally obvious and inconvenient.

In spite of the confident predictions of some of our contemporaries who profess to have a marvellously intimate knowledge of the Royal intentions, her Majesty shows every inclination to return gradually to public life. On Wednesday she paid a visit, which could certainly not be called a private one, to the Horticultural Gardens. And it is officially announced that two courts will be held by her during the present month at Buckingham Palace. It is true that the attendance at each of them will be limited; at the first to the principal members of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and at the second to a select circle of distinguished persons. It appears also that the drawing-rooms and levées will continue to be held by the Prince and Princess of Wales; and that although State concerts and balls will be held by command of the Queen during the

month of May and June her Majesty will not be present at any of them. But although we may wish that the Queen had felt herself able to do more than is set down for her in this programme, the fact that she is ready and willing to do so much disposes of the assertion that she is inclined to give way to a morbid love of seclusion, and that she rather encourages than otherwise a weak but not unnatural shrinking from the more public duties of her high station. It cannot be expected that she should at once quit the privacy in which she has remained since the death of the Prince Consort; and pass by a sudden transition from a state of mourning to an active participation in stately ceremonials or court festivities. The nation does not desire or expect anything of the kind; although it is perhaps true enough that a portion of the "upper ten thousand" grudges to grief every day that deprives them of their customary and coveted invitations to royal balls and entertainments. The people will be glad to see her Majesty resume her place amongst them; but they are quite satisfied to leave to her the mode and the time, when once they are convinced that she will fulfil their wishes so soon as she feels her strength equal to the task. Such a conviction will, we believe, be produced by the event, and still more by the announcements, to which we have alluded. We trust, therefore, that we shall have no more articles which are not the less "sensational," that they appear in journals which profess to be superior to the vulgar frailties of ordinary newspapers. The Sovereign may well be left to take care of herself and her reputation. Nor is it likely that her constitutional advisers require to be stimulated in the performance of obvious duties by the officious counsels of intrusive busybodies.

General Garibaldi will land in England within the next few days. There is, we are happy to believe, no doubt that he will meet the reception to which his high qualities and his illustrious services in the cause of liberty entitle him. Many of the warmest friends of Italy have been compelled to disapprove some of his acts; but his faults are trifles by the side of his great deeds, his heroic constancy, and his grand self-devotion. No one who honours patriotism can fail also to honour Garibaldi. He is one of the men whose merits ought to be beyond the reach of party contests or party detraction. Nor do we believe that many Englishmen are disposed to deny him the honour which the heart of the country spontaneously offers. It is almost superfluous to say that no one who knows England will connect the warmth of our reception of Garibaldi with any deep public designs or any revolutionary schemes for disturbing the peace of Europe. It simply expresses the feelings of a free people towards one of the three men to whom, beyond all other Italians, Italy owes her liberation.

We are now in a position to estimate correctly the character and nature of the latest military achievements of the Federal armies. It turns out that General Sherman's campaign was nothing but a "raid" on a large scale. His object is said to have been the destruction of the railroads and bridges of central Mississippi, and in this he has no doubt been to a great extent successful. In all probability, however, both railways and bridges will be restored before the Northerners can take advantage of their absence. But in carrying out this scheme, such as it is, he has been guilty of acts which reflect indelible disgrace upon the government and the people by whom such things can be sanctioned and even applauded. We are told that he not only pulled up rails, destroyed railway-stations, locomotives, and carriages, and broke down bridges—acts with which we have no fault to find—but that he set fire to private dwellings and stores, destroyed at least six towns and villages, and carried off upwards of 3,000 negroes. In other words he ravaged the country as Turenne ravaged the Palatinate, but as no European commander has since treated any country which lay at his mercy. Ignoring altogether the ameliorations which later and more civilised times have introduced into the practice of war, he has substituted the infliction of suffering on the weak, the defenceless, and the unarmed, for strenuous and courageous attacks upon an enemy in the field. If this case stood alone we might charge such conduct on the general commanding. But it does not. In revenge for the death of Col. Dahlgren, the troops under General Kilpatrick's command laid waste several counties in Virginia with a barbarity which belongs to other times than our own. We can hardly suppose that such acts as these were committed without a knowledge of the reception they would meet with

from the Government of Washington. Nor do we see how it is possible to regard them in any other light than as proof of a determination on the part of Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet to devastate if they cannot conquer the South. The results of such a policy are obvious. The spirit of the Confederates is not likely to be quelled by outrages which do not materially affect their military strength, while every possible incitement is thus offered to the most obstinate resistance to a Government and a people who are the authors of such outrages. The gulf between North and South is rendered wider even than it was before; and it becomes more than ever impossible that conquest of the South should be accomplished without the subjection of the conquered to the sternest severities of military rule. No worthier achievements than those we have referred to are this week recorded on the part of the Federal Generals. The failure of their recent operations is confessed by the retirement of General Halleck and the nomination of General Grant as Commander-in-Chief. But more than this—the decision of Grant to take the field at the head of the army of the Potomac seems to imply a conviction on his part that nothing important can be accomplished in East Tennessee. He would hardly in any other case have quitted a scene of operations with which he is by this time familiar for one where he has everything to learn. We may therefore assume that the principal interest of the war will be once more transferred to Virginia. Nothing he has yet done warrants the belief that Grant's abilities as a Commander are anything like equal to those of General Lee. The latter must by this time have at his disposal a force quite adequate for the defence of Richmond, and therefore, although the Northern press is as usual sanguine as to the performance of the newest broom, we see no reason for apprehension as to the fate of the Confederate capital. In the meantime the difficulty of recruiting the Federal armies does not appear to diminish. Mr. Lincoln has just "called" for another 200,000 men, but it is not surprising that his "call" should be received with some ridicule, seeing that he has not yet ventured to enforce by a draft his previous demand of 500,000 men; and it is well known that he is not likely to obtain them by any other means. What sort of means are being employed to kidnap from Ireland those recruits which the patriotism of the citizens of the United States does not supply, may be gathered from the light which has just been cast at Boston upon the doings of Messrs. Finney and Kidder. There can no longer be any doubt as to the objects of "emigration agents" who are busy in Ireland engaging labourers for railroads and waterworks in America. And it will consequently be the duty of her Majesty's Government to discover some means by which British subjects can be prevented from being decoyed across the Atlantic for the profit of crimps and the support of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln is not to be re-elected President without a struggle. Although the retirement of Mr. Chase will probably secure him the united support of the moderate republicans, the extreme section of the party are by no means satisfied with "honest Abe." For one thing, they do not appear to think him honest; and for another, they are quite sure he is not uncompromising. In their eyes he is guilty of a lingering respect for the constitution of Washington and Hamilton. He is not prepared to override State rights with sufficient energy. He hesitates to make a clean sweep of the United States, and commence the construction of a new nation on first principles. He is suspected of favouring the notion of Banks, that the emancipated negro must somehow be made to work. And they feel—and in this we agree with them—that he is not the man "to impart such lustre to the American name as will dazzle the eyes of the world." In their view, General Fremont is the man most likely to obtain the objects on which they have set their hearts; and it is not improbable that the unpopularity of Mr. Lincoln may enable them to impose this flashy, reckless, incompetent man, upon the bulk of the party, and carry him in triumph to the White House as President. On the other hand, the Democrats are concentrating their efforts on the election of General McClellan. But we see no reason to believe that this party has at all recovered the strength which it lost through its intestine divisions, and its want of any definite policy. So far as one can at present judge the contest is likely to lie between Mr. Lincoln and General Fremont, and in the present

temper of the Northerners the chances are certainly in favour of the man who holds the most violent opinions and will sanction the extremest measures.

MR. KINGSLEY'S ANSWER TO FATHER NEWMAN.

FOR the first time in the history of controversy good Protestants may experience a lawful and profitable amusement in seeing an English Professor soundly chastised by a Roman Catholic divine. Mr. Charles Kingsley has received a most wholesome lesson, and no amount of disapproval of the tenets of Father Newman and of the Roman Catholic Church will make a single member of the Church of England stir an inch to Mr. Kingsley's aid. The dispute is not a theological but a personal one. When Mr. Kingsley attacks institutions and doctrines only,—however much we may lament at seeing the cause of the Reformation handed over to the championship of a divine who is accustomed to look at politics and theology from the point of view of an inspired foxhunter—we shall all wish to see him as successful in polemics as it is his destiny to be. On this occasion Mr. Kingsley was foolish enough to make a random personal assault. He must take the consequences. The Church of England's honour is not involved; the superstitions of the Church of Rome are not in issue; and we leave him with as much amusement to his fate as we should leave Christian himself to his fate in the "Pilgrim's Progress" if we had caught him using obscene language to the doughty Giant Pope. At such times the Old Adam rises up very powerfully in the breasts of the soundest lovers of the Church. They particularly dislike the opinions of Giant Pope. But they also particularly dislike insolence; and if Mr. Kingsley does not mind being insolent to a Catholic priest when he sees him, he cannot hope to get assistance by raising a tardy cry of "Protestant principles to the rescue."

Of all men living Mr. Kingsley was perhaps the most certain at some time in his literary career to provoke the punishment he has at last received. The religion of muscles is an admirable and certainly a healthy outdoor creed; but it is the one creed that cannot afford to be satirical at the expense of the rest of the unmuscular creation. After all, as the late Mr. Justice Maule observed, we are vertebrated animals. Muscles cannot for ever go on making merry at our expense, without sooner or later involving themselves in a contest where pedestrian piety may chance to be overmatched. But Mr. Kingsley cannot avoid sneering at all who are not of his way, we will not say of thinking, but of walking. A singular instance of this may be found in a few lines which the rector of Eversley composed in an enthusiastic moment, as a preface to his last children's book—"The Water Babies." They convey very accurately the estimate formed by the author of the relative merits of himself and of his generation:—

"Hence unbelieving Sadducees,
And more believing Pharisees
With dull conventionalities;
And leave a Country Muse at ease
To play at leapfrog if she please
With children and realities."

Disbelievers in the Country Muse of Mr. Kingsley are accustomed to be relegated to the respective classes of Pharisee and Sadducee. But it does move the temper of the most quiet Pharisee or Sadducee to be without the faintest provocation at once set down as "dull." It seems a hard penalty for not caring to play at leapfrog with realities. All that could be hoped by way of revenge was that in the course of her long game at leapfrog the Country Muse would some day come across a Pharisee who was not dull. The silent wish of the Pharisees and Sadducees has been answered. Mr. Kingsley has leapt gambolling and light-hearted across the path of Father Newman—a Pharisee who happens to be a bit of a wag in his way. Mr. Kingsley, catching a Pharisee of this kind, is for all the world like the English soldier in the story who was unfortunate enough to make a Tartar his prisoner. He cannot bring the Pharisee home with him, because the Pharisee will not come; and he cannot come away and leave the Pharisee behind, because the Pharisee will not let him. The Country Muse of Eversley in this predicament cannot complain if the rest of the world takes a malicious interest in her temporary detention from the realities and the leapfrog that are waiting for her presence in the distance.

The way in which Mr. Kingsley caught the Pharisee who was not dull is as follows: In the course of a review of Mr. Froude in *Macmillan's Magazine* he fell upon declaiming against the iniquities of the Church of Rome. So far so good. It is the duty of an orthodox Professor to be ever upon his watch for

an opportunity of inveighing against error; and Mr. Kingsley is excellently employed in denouncing the Council of Trent. But, just as Mr. Gladstone was not content with abusing insurance societies without dragging into his oration the name of the unoffending Mr. Sheridan, mere denunciation of Roman Catholicism in the abstract appeared to the Cambridge Professor a poor and miserable kind of leapfrog. What he wanted was a back in the flesh over which to bound; and in an evil hour for his comfort he bethought him of the back of Father Newman. With that gentleman's name he accordingly proceeded thus to disport himself:—

"So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not, to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his doctrine be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so."

Abstracted from the Protestant world in which he once played so dazzling and so dangerous a part—buried in his duties as educator of Roman Catholic youth—hearing little of his old friends—leading a reserved life even among his new—Father Newman would never in all human probability have heard of Mr. Kingsley's attack upon him had not some acquaintance forwarded to him in his retreat the above frolicsome passage from Mr. Kingsley's article in *Macmillan*. The clang of professional armour stirred the slumbering spirit of the cloistered veteran. When he first read it he said to himself, as he tells us, "Here is a young scribe, who is making himself a cheap reputation by smart hits at safe objects." But when he heard that Mr. Kingsley was the aggressor he burnished up his arms, and took down his old lance from the wall. The correspondence has been published in which he drew the attention of Messrs. Macmillan to the paragraph complained of; and in which Mr. Kingsley is confronted with the man upon whose quiet he intruded. Mr. Kingsley in self-defence referred Father Newman to his writings *passim* (a convenient and safe reply), and particularly to "one of your sermons on Subjects of the Day, No. 20 in the volume published in 1844, and entitled, 'Wisdom and Innocence.'" He could not, however, produce any passage in that celebrated sermon to justify the personal slander of which he was the author; and a witty epistle from Father Newman to "X. Y.," a mutual friend, extracted from Mr. Kingsley a characteristic letter containing the following curious extract:—

"As the tone of your letters (even more than their language) makes me feel, to my very deep pleasure, that my opinion of the meaning of your words was a mistaken one, I shall send at once to *Macmillan's Magazine* the few lines which I enclose."

To the few lines enclosed, as well as to the modification of them that appeared in the February number, of *Macmillan* Father Newman took the not unnatural objection that they would lead the public to believe that he had been shown a definite passage in his own writings, and had explained it away as meaning something different from the sense assigned to it by Mr. Kingsley. Now Mr. Kingsley had shown Father Newman nothing of the kind. Father Newman had challenged him to point out any paragraph of the sort, and had failed to obtain even an answer to his challenge. This being the case, he was not unreasonably dissatisfied at the semi-apologetic retraction published at last by the Cambridge Professor of History, in which he expressed regret at having seriously mistaken Dr. Newman—Dr. Newman having "by letter expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words." In reply Father Newman printed the entire correspondence, summing it all up in a piece of witty criticism, which for power and satire has probably seldom been rivalled. It has already been copied into several of the journals of the day; but as it is necessary to prefix it to an examination of Mr. Kingsley's new pamphlet, we make no apology for reproducing it:—

"Mr. Kingsley begins, then, by exclaiming: 'O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.'"

"I interpose: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.'"

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, reverend sir, in a sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.'"

"I make answer, 'Oh . . . not, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests, but let us have the passage.'"

"Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know I like your tone? From your tone I rejoice—greatly rejoice to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'"

"I rejoin, 'mean it! I maintain I never said it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies, 'I waive that point.'

"I object: 'Is it possible! What? Waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't.'

"Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you didn't say it I'll take your word for it, I really will.'

"My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a professor of lying that he does not lie!

"But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: 'We are both gentlemen,' he says; 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.'

"I begin to see; he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. *Habemus confitentem reum.*

"So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! 'I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him,' says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno. 'O, Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.'

"While I feel, then, that Mr. Kingsley's February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the correspondence which lies between these two acts of his constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock. Accordingly, I have put it into print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley."

The public amusement created by this humorous flagellation has been naturally galling to Mr. Kingsley. This week he has in his turn printed a furious answer in forty pages to Father Newman's single sheet. After reading it we regret to be obliged to come to the conclusion that it is not only the Pharisees and Sadducees who can be dull. A Country Muse hitting about her in a passion is not so entertaining a companion as a Country Muse shaking her curls bewitchingly and playing in a corner with the children. In the first place he starts with asserting that Father Newman has made "a great mistake;" we presume in grappling with the terrible Mr. Kingsley. In the second place he tells us that Father Newman has lost his temper. With the healthiest Protestant sentiments and a true wish to see the Country Muse in the same conquering attitude over the Pope, that St. George occupies when he bestrides the Dragon, we confess we cannot think it. Father Newman did nothing of the kind; and Mr. Kingsley attributes too much effect to his undoubted powers of aggravation. Father Newman contented himself with ridiculing the absurd position of a man who, having made a false charge against another, tried to shamble out of admitting that he was in the wrong. But that Mr. Kingsley in his last pamphlet has himself lost his temper, we believe, will be seen by any one who wades through it, and does not mind being privy to the edifying spectacle of a robust Christian in a rage, exhausting himself in the vain attempt to swear without standing committed to profane language. A Country Muse! And before the children! And after all to be as heavy in answer to a witty antagonist as the most conventional of Sadducees!

The point at issue, it must be remembered, is really a simple one. Where, in the sermon entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," does Father Newman inform us that truth for its own sake is not and ought not to be a virtue? For neither producing a passage to justify the charge, nor withdrawing the charge like a man, Mr. Kingsley has received a castigation amid the inextinguishable laughter of the literary world. Provoked at the smile on every face, he has turned again to attack Dr. Newman. But he does not even now produce the *passage*. For not having done so originally he gives us, indeed, an excuse that is most remarkable, and that is worth the attention of all persons in delicate health. He had been "informed" that Dr. Newman was not well and wished for peace and quiet. This, if true, was a reason for not attacking Dr. Newman, but scarcely a reason for not giving him the *passage* on which so serious an attack was based. When Father Newman demands an explanation of a violent onset made upon his honour, Mr. Kingsley's line of defence seems a curious one. First of all he likes Father Newman's tone; secondly, he is very anxious about Father Newman's health. But his most comical way of evading the difficulty has yet to be told. In the first correspondence Father Newman's nerves are an insuperable obstacle. In the new correspondence Mr. Kingsley considers that he is precluded from offering the justification now which he did not offer earlier, by "*hault courage*"—whatever virtue of romance that term may mean.

"I am, of course, precluded from using the sermon, 'Wisdom and Innocence,' to prove my words. I have accepted Dr. Newman's denial that it means what I thought it did; and Heaven forbid that I

should withdraw my word once given at whatever disadvantage to myself. But more—I am informed by those from whose judgment on such points there is no appeal, that '*en hault courage*,' or strict honour, I am also precluded by the terms of my explanation from using any other of Dr. Newman's past writings to prove my assertion."

Mr. Kingsley is a person who appears to be in the habit of receiving very singular pieces of "information." Father Newman "informs" him that truth is not for its own sake a virtue. When the moment arrives for satisfying Father Newman's wounded feelings, some one else "informs" him that Father Newman is in weak health, and he is lastly "informed," on the highest authority, that it is Mr. Kingsley's solemn duty to "waive the point." The sentence above quoted, in which he tells us so, belongs unmistakably to the Elizabethan order of architecture. "Heaven forbid," and "*hault courage*," and "strict honour," are the native and chaste ornaments of the edifice; but the voice which, in answer to all inquiries, informs us that Mr. Kingsley is bound in honour not to be "at home," has a rich Pecksniffian ring about it that seems almost to belong to a later age. After this Father Newman may give up calling. Mr. Kingsley, under his doctor's orders,—from whose judgment "on such points" there is no appeal—is confined to his room, with Sir Walter Raleigh and Spenser's "Faëry Queen." But as he leaves the door in despair, Father Newman hears the familiar tones of chivalry from the window over his head, pouring out vials of wrath upon the head of St. Januarius, St. Alfonso da Liguori, and all the superstitions of the Papacy.

To this safe and orthodox occupation Mr. Kingsley may be left. Another time, we dare say, he will content himself with laughing only at those Papists who are dead and canonized, and not touch living fanatics. There is, however, one piece of muscular writing in his answer to Father Newman, which is also of the "*hault courage*" and "Elizabethan" style, and which deserves not to be passed by. It is illustrative of a certain manner after studying which we feel less inclined than ever to shout the praises of Mr. Kingsley, or to identify the cause of Protestantism with the present personal issue. The last few pages of Mr. Kingsley's publication are devoted mainly to a sonorous panegyric upon truth. The preceding pages are occupied with a gross misrepresentation of Dr. Newman's pamphlet, put in we presume for the benefit of those who have not read it. If Mr. Kingsley concludes with a glorious principle, it must therefore be admitted that he begins with a little peccadillo:—

"Dr. Newman has committed on the very title-page of his pamphlet an economy which some men will consider a very serious offence. He has there stated that the question is 'Whether Dr. Newman teaches that Truth is no virtue.' He has repeated this misrepresentation at p. 32, where he has ventured to represent me as saying, 'Dr. Newman tells us that lying is never any harm.' He has economised the very four words of my accusation which make it a reasonable one, namely—'For its own sake.'

"... While no one knew better than he the importance of the omission, none knew better that the public would not do so; that they would never observe it. ... So when I had accused him and the Romish clergy of teaching that 'truth is no virtue for its own sake,' he simply economised the last four words, and said that I accused him and them of teaching that 'truth is no virtue.'

These last four words, whatever their value, are not omitted at all by Father Newman. In the first extract in Father Newman's pamphlet they are printed at full length. They are printed at full length again in the next page which contains Father Newman's letter to Messrs. Macmillan. In Father Newman's next letter, p. 12, they again are correctly given. In his next letter, p. 18, they are given at full length again. In every single passage in which Father Newman deals with Mr. Kingsley's words they are to be found unabridged. Where are they left out? In the page of humorous epitome only which we have given above, and in the title of the pamphlet—"Whether Dr. Newman teaches that Truth is no virtue"—in neither of which does Father Newman profess to quote or to do more than travestie. In the face of this, and with Father Newman's sheets before him, Mr. Kingsley dares to tell us that, "When I had accused him (Dr. Newman) of teaching that truth is no virtue for its own sake, he simply economised the last four words, and said that I accused him and them of teaching that truth is no virtue." These be thy gods, O Israel! This is *hault courage*, and robust virtue, and chivalrous romance!

With the main body of the new pamphlet, which is spent in an invective against Roman Catholicism, we need not deal. The present controversy is not a theological one so far as the dispute between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman goes. When the demerits of the Papacy are seriously in question, we shall all fight under one flag. From a mere matter of literature, where

personal rudeness has met with an amusing punishment, the religious question stands wholly apart; and because Mr. Kingsley is not as wise as a serpent, it certainly does not follow that the Catholic priesthood, as a rule, are as innocent or as harmless as doves.

TALK IN PARLIAMENT.

Just before Parliament rose for the holidays, a certain M.P. inquired whether Government would set apart a day for the discussion of the Sherard Osborn expedition and its results. Lord Palmerston replied that it was yet too early in the session to call upon Government to give a day for such a purpose, and that his questioner must find a day for himself among those at the disposal of private members. The question and answer are curiously illustrative of the understood rules of Parliamentary discussion. They recognise the distinction between business, which is done on nights in which Government is allowed precedence, and talk, which is done on nights when private members have their way unchecked. They remind us that as the session passes on, with little done but much said, the Executive finds it necessary to abridge the privilege of oratory on matters in general, and to snatch some additional hours for the transaction of pressing affairs. But they also include an admission that, whatever the claims of actual work, some time must be allotted for mere discussion, even when the events which provoke it have already lapsed into the limbo of things utterly passed and done with, and when, therefore, such discussion is confessedly incapable of leading to any definite result. This is, at least, a striking anomaly in the proceedings of the chief assembly of a nation which piques itself on being, above all, practical and not oratorical; and we may not unprofitably spend a few minutes at this holiday season in considering the real purpose and vindication of so seemingly idle a custom.

The theory, which perhaps originated the practice, that it is fitting the House should pass judgment on the conduct of Government, will by no means explain its modern development; for the discussion proceeds often avowedly on matters of mere foreign transactions in which our Government has taken no part, and often on transactions in regard to which it is perfectly certain beforehand that no party has the intention of pronouncing any judgment on Government at all. Those cases in which the acts of the Ministry are to be seriously attacked are of a wholly different complexion. For, then, the institution of the "whip" is unsparingly used on both sides; but it is applied languidly, if at all, on the occasion of the philanthropic discussions we have now in view. These last do not involve party tactics, nor are they productive of party divisions. Yet they often draw full houses, inspire excellent speeches, and, though utterly barren of result, somehow convey an impression that Parliament has done a duty which it would have been seriously culpable to have left undone.

To trace the real, though unacknowledged, motive which supports such a practice, we must review for a moment the changes which have taken place in the relative position of representatives and their constituents. Those changes are partly dependent on the spread of intelligence, but they are in a still greater degree attributable to mere mechanical agencies, to the steam-engine and the telegraph. In the times when communication between the metropolis and the country was a matter of days, if not of weeks, the member of Parliament was really a representative. He stood in the place of his constituents; they had given to him their voices for a term, and till the term was expired he uttered them at his discretion, with only the distant reckoning of the next dissolution to control his independence. But all this is changed now-a-days. By the time the senator has risen in the morning, his constituents, a hundred miles away, know the gist of what he said the night before. If the question was important, he has telegrams before he goes out, from his leading supporters, warning or encouraging him. If the debate is prolonged over a few days, he has innumerable letters relative to his intended vote on the division. Under these circumstances it is impossible he should act with his former independence. The influence is too immediate, the retribution too instant, not to produce an effect. So by degrees he resigns himself to the situation; he consults his constituents,—he acts on every question according to their wishes; the voice that he utters is as powerful as ever, but it is no longer that of the chorus which he leads—it is the tone of the speaking-trumpet through which they shout. To conciliate their good-will he frequently visits them; he holds meetings in every recess, at which, as the phrase goes, he "gives an account of his stewardship." He

must now not only subscribe to the local amusements and charities, but give lectures to the mechanics' institutions, and be present at the indignation or sympathising meetings which the party spirit prevalent in the neighbourhood may call together. Thus, rapidly and irresistibly, we are reaching the position of the ancient republics, in which measures were carried by the vote of the whole body of citizens actually present. And the sole difference—happily a most material one—is, that the multitude, being not actually present in the body, is not subject to be swayed by the impulse of exciting oratory or momentary passion; it acts with supreme authority, indeed, but it is moved by reasons which it has had some time to digest, and which it has gathered from some tolerably impartial variety of sources.

If, then, in one view the function of the representative is degraded by the change—because he is now less than formerly an independent agent, guided only by his own sense of right and wrong, and by his own judgment on questions of policy,—it is in another view somewhat raised. For his office now is not merely to act but to instruct. Those meetings with his constituents, those lectures, are the contributions which he makes to the formation of a sound and wholesome public opinion. True they are possibly dictated rather by the desire to conciliate than to convert. Yet inevitably they operate in the latter direction. They are daily more and more becoming used, and admitted as a sensible influence in the creation of that broad and massive general conviction by which statesmen are guided and events are controlled. And it is the selfsame office which is fulfilled by the apparently futile set debates in Parliament which we have been considering. Though they direct no actions yet they teach just principles. They are the still, small voice of the national conscience. They express the opinions of the best and wisest among us upon transactions in which all have been or might have been concerned, and by which mankind have more or less been affected. Now, we certainly do not share the idea of Lord Russell that the public opinion of this country is a terror from which the brute force of Russia will shrink in shame. But, nevertheless, it is well that the nation, which must think on many subjects, should have a foundation of principle laid which will enable it to think rightly on all, and that its opinion should be such as our best heads and hearts have helped to form, whether it carries it into immediate action or not. We are all the more likely to be just and merciful in our own national dealings if we have heard men of all parties agree to denounce violence and fraud in those of other nations. And though we shall probably not send another independent expedition to the aid of the Emperor of China, it will be all the better for us that we should make up our minds, aided by the experience of the last, on the question whether it is right to send such expeditions anywhere else and under any other conditions.

The utility of such Parliamentary discussions is the greater, because there is no substitute of equal value for the formation of public opinion. Many of our newspapers, indeed, are written with as much ability, and as much honesty, as the first Parliamentary debates could furnish. But they have generally made up their minds, and as few persons regularly see more than one paper, they rather foster partisanship than judicial impartiality among their readers. The *Times*, indeed, has no scruple in following the veerings of opinion, even though, as in the transportation question, it performs the full circle within a twelvemonth. But a paper which avowedly follows, instead of guiding, public opinion, is of little value for its formation. And so we think it is of high advantage that our newspapers should be able, with that admirable impartiality which distinguishes their reports, above all to lay before their respective circle of subscribers the Parliamentary discussions which present fully all that can be said on all sides of the question in hand. And since it is chiefly from such discussions that the great public outside, which is the ultimate director and ruler of our affairs, draws the knowledge and the principles which slowly compact its system of opinion, we have no cause to lament as wasted the time of our legislators which is given to what at first sight seems only barren and profitless talk.

WAS M. ARMAND GUILTY?

THE trial at Aix which has resulted in the acquittal of M. Armand on the charge of attempting to murder his servant, Maurice Roux, is probably one of the most remarkable trials in all history. The manner in which it was conducted, to an Englishman, is of itself a sufficient study. The usual act of accusation, with which the proceedings began in open court, recounts, in "sensational" language, how, on the 8th of last

July, the population of Montpellier "were agitated" by the "revelation" of a strange crime surrounded by mysterious circumstances, the true character of which it was not easy at first to determine. At seven o'clock in the evening of that day a female servant of M. Armand went down to the cellar; and while engaged there heard groans hard by issuing from a neighbouring part of the building, and went up to tell her master of them. M. Armand at first made light of her story, but in the event gave way, and went down with her to search. In the wood-cellar they found stretched upon the ground and half lifeless the body of Maurice Roux, M. Armand's valet, who had not been seen since eight o'clock in the morning. Round his neck was a cord twisted several times, but not knotted. His hands were bound behind him with another cord; and one of his master's pocket-handkerchiefs tied his legs together. His pulse was almost extinct, and there can be no doubt that he was in a condition bordering very closely upon asphyxia. He was removed at once to bed; and there, even before he could speak, he pointed out, by means of an improvised alphabet, the name of M. Armand as his assailant—an accusation to which he adhered after taking the Holy Sacrament, and while in immediate danger apparently of death. His story after he had recovered—which he did more quickly than could have been expected—was as follows: That on the previous morning about a quarter past eight he had gone down to the wood-cellar, and was upon his knees filling his basket, when behind him appeared his master, M. Armand, with a stick, and felled him to the ground by a blow on the nape of the neck, exclaiming, at the same time, "I will teach you to call my house a hovel." Thereupon (as he said) he had become senseless, and remembered nothing more till he was discovered, nearly twelve hours later, in the evening. Such is the bare outline of the tale; and such, with the exception of one or two controverted circumstances, is the entire evidence in the case.

The motive assigned for the crime by the prosecution seems almost inadequate. It was said that M. Armand was a man of violent temper, that he had been dissatisfied with his valet, and that in a moment of fury he possibly had taken this means of avenging himself for some insolent expression of the man's which had rankled in his memory. In order to account in turn for the trumping up of such a tale, the defence asserted that Maurice Roux had conceived a dislike of his master, and had adopted this course to avenge himself; and, moreover, that he was in hopes of extorting money by it from M. Armand, whose wealth is allowed on all sides to be very considerable. Evidence of the most ridiculous hearsay, which would be at once discarded in an English court, was brought by both prosecution and defence to establish their own theory as to the motives of the various actors in the drama. One of the witnesses for the prisoner went so far as to tell the court what he had heard said about Maurice Roux by a stranger in a railway train, and the Court seem to have thought the narrative quite material and worth inquiring into:—

"Quant à Maurice Roux, voici ce que j'ai entendu dire par plusieurs personnes honorables qui parlaient de lui. Ces personnes disaient: Maurice Roux est un comédien, et pourrait parier qu'il recommencera à Aix ce qu'il a fait à Montpellier."

"M. le Premier Président.—Où avez-vous entendu dire cela?"

"Le Témoin.—En voyage, en chemin de fer, par des personnages qui me sont inconnus. A Flaviac, j'ai entendu aussi dire que Maurice Roux était de mœurs très dérangées, capable de tout faire pour avoir de l'argent et faisant de son corps tout ce qu'il voulait."

An equally curious piece of evidence on the part of the prosecution came from the mouth of the Montpellier commissary of police. The town of Montpellier had been violently excited by the whole of the affair. All sorts of rumours prevailed that other skeletons had been found on M. Armand's premises, and that, though she would not confess it, M. Armand's female porter had seen him follow Maurice Roux into the cellar. On the latter point the police commissary speaks with confidence as to the opinion of 50,000 people:—

"L'opinion publique était unanime à Montpellier pour accuser la portière d'avoir vu M. Armand descendre à la cave, et de ne vouloir pas le dire. Je le répète, c'est l'opinion universelle, sauf peut-être 50 personnes sur 50,000 habitants."

"M. Jules Favre.—Permettez, vous n'avez pas interrogé toute la ville."

"Le Témoin.—Je rends compte des impressions."

We know from the lips of the judge in "Pickwick" that it is not evidence to tell the Court "what the soldier said." If the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick* had been tried in France, Mr. Samuel Weller would doubtless have been allowed to relate not merely what the soldier "said," but what the rest of the British army thought.

A conflict of medical evidence as striking as that which occurred in the Palmer trial in this country, lengthened the proceedings greatly, and lent them additional interest. The most eminent doctors were called by the Procureur-Général to show that Maurice Roux could not have tied himself as he was found,—that the symptoms displayed by him could not have been simulated, and that they were the natural consequences of a blow which would affect the brain, without necessarily leaving a mark of much violence on the skin. That Maurice Roux was fast suffocating when he was released was admitted pretty nearly on all sides. The point at which prosecution and defence were at issue was merely whether he had been brought to that pitch of distress by his own hands or by those of an assassin, the defence contending that he had carried his trick accidentally so far as at last very nearly to kill himself, without intending to do so. Doctors as eminent as those adduced against the prisoner were brought to maintain this theory in his favour. In the middle of the trial the Court nominated a scientific commission to examine and report on the best mode of accounting for the way in which Maurice Roux's hands had been bound—the chief evidence being the number of pieces into which the liberating scissors had divided the cord. There were three rival theories or "systems" on this head; and after a prolonged inquiry the commission quarrelled, and the doctors who were members of it abused one another in open court; one of them complaining with bitterness that he had devoted three months of anxious thought to the question, and after all was treated with contempt. Experiments were made before the jury on the person of Maurice Roux, and others, but the end of them all was to establish no certain conclusion; and this part of the subject must still be considered as not cleared up to the present moment.

Meanwhile, Maurice Roux, according to his own account, seems to have been the subject of another mysterious attempt at assassination. Passing along the street at night, he was assailed again by an assassin, and received another wound, which prostrated him upon the pavement. It seems curious that medical evidence should not be conclusive on this head as to whether he was romancing, or whether he was a real victim; but his assertion remains uncorroborated, yet, on the other hand, unweakened by strange testimony. The further facts, which seem to be slightly though not conclusively corroborative of his story, are—first, an inaccurate assertion by M. Armand that, at the moment when the crime is said to have been committed, he was in his wife's bedroom undressed; and, secondly, the somewhat unsatisfactory evidence given by one of M. Armand's servants, who was alleged to have been bribed by him to keep silence, and the fact that he had exhibited no great excitement about the absence of Maurice Roux throughout the entire of the day.

In the prisoner's favour may be placed the fact that the cord round Maurice Roux's neck was not tied tightly, though its continual pressure no doubt tended to produce suffocation in the long run. Secondly, the character of Maurice Roux was far from unimpeachable. Thirdly, his account of his position when the blow was struck, though not incredible, was strange. The blow was inflicted on the right side of the back of his head. Yet he seems—if his narrative was accurate—to have been kneeling with the door upon his left, and to have turned towards the left to recognise his master as he entered. He may have received the blow in this position; but if so, his master must have stood close over him to strike it. Finally, the evidence of the blow itself rests in a great measure upon his symptoms; and if these in part were either feigned or referable to another cause, the proof of external violence becomes very slight. Lastly, it is right to say that, from first to last, the prisoner met the accusation with the indignation of an honest man.

The verdict of the jury is known to our readers. They acquitted the prisoner, M. Armand, after a trial of many days. Never was a trial over which still rested so much obscurity. Sympathy in the north of France is strongly in favour of M. Armand. In Montpellier itself Maurice Roux is regarded as a truthful witness, and M. Armand as a monster. After careful examination of the very voluminous evidence, we cannot say that it preponderates greatly either in favour of the innocence or guilt of the accused. Were we to express an opinion upon the subject, we should construct a theory which, as far as we know, has not been broached as yet either at the trial or elsewhere. Much of the discrepancy becomes intelligible if we suppose M. Armand to have struck the blow described; and Maurice Roux in revenge to have suddenly conceived the project of turning a simple blow into an attempt at assassination. The reason why Maurice Roux's story did not break down would thus be that it was partly true. This

would account for the inexplicable fury displayed in court by Armand against Roux, and by Roux against Armand. It would account for the prevarication (if it be prevarication) of M. Armand as to the hour of his rising on the morning in question; and for the odd way the cord was tied round the neck of Maurice Roux. It would also account for the seeming sincerity with which Maurice Roux denounced the prisoner, and with which the prisoner repudiated the terrible charge of attempted homicide. It would further explain the seeming *insouciance* of M. Armand as to his servant's absence, who might be supposed naturally by him after being struck to have run away in dudgeon; and explain equally well his apparent ignorance of the cause of the groans proceeding from his cellar, and his apparent willingness to examine them. Some such solution is necessary to furnish us with adequate motives for the conduct of the parties concerned. Some such solution is wanted to help us through the unintelligible mystery of an attempted assassination when the assassin does not take the trouble to finish his victim outright. We commend it to the attention of the French Court of Cassation.

KIDNAPPING IRISHMEN.

WHILE the sympathies of the majority of Englishmen have been on the side of the Confederates, it is well known that in Ireland the Federals have carried the day in the good wishes of the people, not without some ground. The Irish Exodus has set mainly in the direction of the United States, and Irishmen in hundreds of thousands have found there a field for their industry and a home which the poverty of their own land denied them. This, perhaps, more than political reasons, has been the consideration which has led the people of the sister country to wish well to the Federal cause, in which the blood of their relatives on the other side of the Atlantic has been freely shed. But even Irish enthusiasm is not proof against ill-treatment and neglect, and no fact has been more patent in the course of the civil war than that the Irish soldiers in the Federal army have had more of the perils and less of the honours of warfare than is either agreeable or just. There has, therefore, for some time been a disinclination on the part of Irishmen to emigrate for the purpose of enlisting, and every means has been employed to entrap them into the service by inviting them to employments which have no existence, and on their arrival in America leaving them the alternative of enlistment or starvation. By this scandalous cheat many poor fellows who have emigrated in the hope that their earnings would presently enable them to send money to the old country to bring their wives and children out to them, have found themselves converted into food for powder. But the most villainous feature of the deception is the way in which it is made to serve the purposes of the substitute brokers. The Irishman, constrained either to enlist or starve, is forced into the army as a substitute for some native who has been draughted, and who is willing to pay handsomely for any one who will stand to be shot at in his place. Landing in a strange country, ignorant of the world of 'cuteness and chicanery into which he has been launched, and in haste, as all of us are, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he finds himself with a rifle in his hand and the Yankee uniform on his back before he has had time to understand the barter of which he has been the raw material. Meanwhile some 'cute substitute broker has made large profits out of his Irish "fixins." This is worse than the slave trade. The negro, taken from his native village and transferred to Cuba, has at least a prospect of life and some taste of a higher civilization than he has before known. But the Irish peasant is kidnapped to be killed, and Yankee cunning cheats him out of the price of his blood.

The Irish residents of Boston have just been holding an indignation meeting over a case of this kind. At the close of last year a Mr. Patrick Finney, a native of Galway, arrived in Ireland, announced himself as "emigration agent for the principal railroads in New England," and offered all who would go out to America a free passage, steady work, £2 British a month and board, and two suits of clothes a year. The work was to be on railways, and the emigrants were to be met at Portland by "a real gentleman and a good friend, who would take care of them." Lured by this promise one hundred and two Irishmen sailed from Liverpool on the 27th of February last and reached Portland on the 9th ult. The men took an early breakfast and landed. A few of them strayed away from their companions, while the remaining eighty-six proceeded by afternoon train to Boston under charge of Mr. Patrick Finney, who on their arrival located them in an old building on Banker Hill, Charlestown, belonging to Mr. Jerome G. Kidder, of Boston.

No doubt they looked anxiously for the "real gentleman and good friend" who was to conduct them to their promised work. But when this benefactor, in the person of Mr. Kidder, made his appearance he announced to them that the work was not ready, but that that need make no difference as they could enlist at once; and the 28th, an Irish regiment, was recommended as a suitable corps for them to join. They were just the sort of recruits that was wanted; fine, stalwart young men in the prime of life; and what could an Irishman desire better than an opportunity of fighting? The eighty-six Dublin boys, however, took a different view of the matter. They had for some time felt suspicions creeping over them as to the true character of Mr. Patrick Finney and the "real gentleman." They saw they had been scandalously duped, and this view of their case was confirmed when on the following evening Mr. Kidder told them that the building in which they had been located must be cleared. There can hardly be a doubt that all this fell out as it had been planned. Recruiting agents were already "hovering around them." They knew the spot to which they could direct their steps, and the prey which awaited them. In the course of the day after they landed several of the emigrants were "gobbled up." Of those who had strayed from the main body at Portland eight were "snapped up." The remainder, at Boston, appear to have been saved by the efforts of their good-hearted countrywomen, who, outraged at the abominable fraud which had been practised upon them, supplied their immediate wants, and no doubt were active in raising the funds which were subscribed for their relief. But for that timely aid the whole of the men, or the large majority, must have enlisted; and it is but too probable that this was the result calculated upon by Finney and Kidder. Certainly the pecuniary gain which would have ensued upon it was tempting. The substitute money on the 102 emigrants who had been decoyed across the Atlantic would have amounted to upwards of 60,000 dollars; and though it was pretended by one of the speakers at the Boston meeting who appeared as Mr. Kidder's friend, that that person had not expected the men, the excessive inhumanity of his conduct in turning them out of his building when they refused to enlist, induces us to believe that this was only a subterfuge. Certainly, when he had them in his power, he did all that a substitute broker could have done to drive them into the army. He penned them in an old building, where there were neither beds nor tables nor food, except some bread and cheese and—*liquor*. When they refused to enlist he turned them out—without friends, without money, without resources of any kind; and had it not been for the charity of their fellow-countrymen, there was no help for them but to enlist. There is no doubt that Finney was his agent any more than that Finney himself is a substitute broker. It is, therefore, to our mind morally certain that the emigrants were entrapped; that the promise of work was a false pretence; that the real object for which they were taken out was to sell them as substitutes, and that Kidder and his agent, Finney, were to profit by the transaction.

For frauds of this character it appears there is no remedy. The subject, in connection with Mr. Patrick Finney's doings, has already been under the consideration of the Government, and the law officers of the Crown have decided that the evidence in his case would not be sufficient to sustain a prosecution. It is open, therefore, to any scoundrel, unscrupulous and heartless enough to betray simple and ignorant men by a flattering lie, to do so. The law is powerless to punish him, and we can only defeat him by warning those whom he may have marked for his dupes to beware how they listen to the promises of men for whose honesty they have no guarantee. If they will not take that obvious precaution, they at least know what is in store for them, and can blame no one for a fate upon which they rush with their eyes open.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Of old, saints' days and holidays witnessed joustings and firing at the butts, quarter-staff playing, and fighting with sword and buckler in Moorfields. The 'prentices employed their holidays in martial training as a matter of course, and the revolution of time, which brings old customs round again, seems to have restored to us our old love of military exercises. But with what a difference! Instead of a mob of young lads disporting themselves outside the eastern postern of the City, we have now an army as large as many of those which fought in the celebrated battles of the great Civil War, transported annually on Easter Monday to breezy downs fifty miles away, fighting there through the livelong day with all the pomp and some of the circumstance of real warfare, and coming home at night to fight again another day. Much as we have been in the

habit of regretting the hardy and athletic sports of "the good old days," we very much question whether our modern Volunteers have not much the best of it: at all events, it is a great accomplishment to make 17,000 people, individual actors in an amusement witnessed by perhaps double that number. Since the battle of Sedgemoor, nearly two hundred years ago, there has been no battle fought on English ground. Even a sham fight is, therefore, a great novelty, especially one conducted as that of Monday at Blackheath by two armies of 8,000 men, each supplemented by an adequate force of heavy artillery. Hitherto it has been customary to represent the enemy by a mere firing party, sometimes by an altogether imaginary foe. On the present occasion, in all but the fact of the opposing forces coming to actual blows, the movements of a veritable battle were gone through. At the very commencement of the action the troops were familiarized with some of the occurrences of military life in the field. The episode of the heavy guns of position labouring up the deep sandy line leading to the Heath, at times sticking fast, and requiring the active use of the handspikes of the artillerymen, brought forcibly to the minds of the Volunteers the chances on which the fate of a battle may depend. Then, again, the movements of the fight itself, the skill with which the attacking general masked the evolutions of his brigade behind the hollows and woods of the Heath until the right moment came for outflanking the opposing force, caused no little surprise and confusion among them, and showed practically the situations in which troops find themselves placed by an enterprising enemy. It is almost an impossibility for a man who has never been in a battle to realize to himself what it is like. Our artists, when attempting to depict one, always wrap it up most judiciously in smoke. No doubt half the terror of a coming fight consists in the mystery which surrounds the movements: the fear of "what is coming next" unnerves the young soldier, and he is thrown into panic and confusion by the mere fact of being unaccustomed to the situations into which he is thrown. Reviews conducted in the manner in which the one at Blackheath was, supply that experience which is only second to what is gained in the field. Not one of the 17,000 young civilians who took part in the review came away without a very distinct idea of the serious nature of the flank movement and of the necessary measures to meet it. It was very unfortunate that the ground was so broken and rotten that the evolutions of cavalry were not possible upon the Heath. The interest of the review would have been greatly increased if some of those squares bristling with bayonets had been looked in upon by a few squadrons of lancers. Of all things, a charge of cavalry throws most dismay into the young soldier, and it is only when he comes to know how powerless this arm of the service is in the presence of a firmly-formed square, that he recovers his equanimity under attack. The ineligibility of Blackheath for the movements of horse will, we think, prevent its becoming a favourite place of resort for future reviews. In this respect it is very inferior to the Brighton Downs, irrespective of its very limited area. The rough ground, knotted with the gorse roots, however, tested the powers of the infantry to maintain their formation in a manner highly flattering to them; and all the prognostics on the part of old soldiers that the regiments would be broken up by the scrub, were doomed to disappointment. We regret to hear, however, that several of the Volunteers broke their legs, and were ruptured in consequence of the holes in the ground, and the stumps of fir trees, over which they had to march. The stuff that was in the Volunteers was sorely tried by the ten hours of incessant labour they underwent during the day, and the merry way in which some of the regiments marched through the streets on their return, proved that they are not one whit behind our ancestors in endurance and pluck, and that they are made of the same material as the train-bands who marched to the relief of Gloucester, and decided the fate of tyranny for ever in these islands.

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But the part of this case which teaches the most important lesson is what was the real cause of the loss of life which resulted. The cow was killed by the collision, and the train in all probability would not have suffered but that the engine, the tender, and the three first carriages of the train having passed over the carcass, without being thrown off the line—the fourth carriage sustained a jerk which brought it into contact with a piece of timber at the side of the metals which threw it off the rails, together with the carriage behind it. The passengers in these carriages, however, did not suffer, but five of those in the first compartment of the next, a third-class carriage, were killed. It appears that this was an old carriage, and that "the end bar of the body was very much decayed." Captain Tyler adds, "The experience of other accidents has amply demonstrated that strong sound carriages are highly conducive, when an accident occurs, to the safety of the passengers." Hence the utmost importance to railway companies of maintaining their rolling stock in the highest degree of efficiency.

Several of the accidents reported upon in this Parliamentary paper arose from trains running at improper speeds against facing points, and in illustration of this danger a diagram accompanies the report of the Darlington accident, exhibiting the complicated and dangerous state of the crossings and sidings at that station. The Government inspector, in his report, urges that "the signalmen, who are responsible for the proper performance of the important duties required at this crossing, should be provided with a suitable uniform, and should receive higher wages than they at present obtain, namely 17s. a week." It is a question, however, whether the level crossing of a mineral railway across a main trunk line of passenger road, constantly traversed by express trains, ought to be permitted at all.

Throughout the reports there is perhaps a tendency to pay too much respect to minor means and not sufficient regard to those larger improvements by which accidents might be more entirely prevented. In respect to breaks, every railway train carries with it the most powerful one in the reversal of the engine itself. A power, indeed, which the engine-driver dare not use if going beyond the lowest rate of speed, because the effect would be collision with his own carriages. But in driving against facing points the greatest caution should be observed. In the present record the greater proportion of the accidents arose at stations, and mostly from attempts to enter or pass at rates of speed which ought never to be permitted where traffic concentrates.

THE SHEFFIELD CATASTROPHE.

IN the correspondence which has passed between Sir George Grey and the directors of the Sheffield Waterworks, the former has reminded the Waterworks Company of the responsibility they will incur, if, after the failure of the Bradfield reservoir, and with a knowledge of the opinion expressed by eminent engineers as to the errors committed in its construction, the company continue to construct the reservoir at the Agden embankment on the same plan, and without adopting proper measures for preventing future catastrophes.

A copy of Mr. Rawlinson's letter to the Home Secretary was at the same time transmitted to the chairman, in which it is stated that all that is objectionable in subsoil, in design, in material, and in execution at Bradfield is equally objectionable at the Agden embankment, and in which he further urges the attention of the Waterworks Company to these points of the verdict at the inquest:—That there had not been that engineering skill and attention in the construction of the works which their magnitude

habit of regretting the hardy and athletic sports of "the good old days," we very much question whether our modern Volunteers have not much the best of it: at all events, it is a great accomplishment to make 17,000 people, individual actors in an amusement witnessed by perhaps double that number. Since the battle of Sedgemoor, nearly two hundred years ago, there has been no battle fought on English ground. Even a sham fight is, therefore, a great novelty, especially one conducted as that of Monday at Blackheath by two armies of 8,000 men, each supplemented by an adequate force of heavy artillery. Hitherto it has been customary to represent the enemy by a mere firing party, sometimes by an altogether imaginary foe. On the present occasion, in all but the fact of the opposing forces coming to actual blows, the movements of a veritable battle were gone through. At the very commencement of the action the troops were familiarized with some of the occurrences of military life in the field. The episode of the heavy guns of position labouring up the deep sandy line leading to the Heath, at times sticking fast, and requiring the active use of the handspikes of the artillerymen, brought forcibly to the minds of the Volunteers the chances on which the fate of a battle may depend. Then, again, the movements of the fight itself, the skill with which the attacking general masked the evolutions of his brigade behind the hollows and woods of the Heath until the right moment came for outflanking the opposing force, caused no little surprise and confusion among them, and showed practically the situations in which troops find themselves placed by an enterprising enemy. It is almost an impossibility for a man who has never been in a battle to realize to himself what it is like. Our artists, when attempting to depict one, always wrap it up most judiciously in smoke. No doubt half the terror of a coming fight consists in the mystery which surrounds the movements: the fear of "what is coming next" unnerves the young soldier, and he is thrown into panic and confusion by the mere fact of being unaccustomed to the situations into which he is thrown. Reviews conducted in the manner in which the one at Blackheath was, supply that experience which is only second to what is gained in the field. Not one of the 17,000 young civilians who took part in the review came away without a very distinct idea of the serious nature of the flank movement and of the necessary measures to meet it. It was very unfortunate that the ground was so broken and rotten that the evolutions of cavalry were not possible upon the Heath. The interest of the review would have been greatly increased if some of those squares bristling with bayonets had been looked in upon by a few squadrons of lancers. Of all things, a charge of cavalry throws most dismay into the young soldier, and it is only when he comes to know how powerless this arm of the service is in the presence of a firmly-formed square, that he recovers his equanimity under attack. The ineligibility of Blackheath for the movements of horse will, we think, prevent its becoming a favourite place of resort for future reviews. In this respect it is very inferior to the Brighton Downs, irrespective of its very limited area. The rough ground, knotted with the gorse roots, however, tested the powers of the infantry to maintain their formation in a manner highly flattering to them; and all the prognostics on the part of old soldiers that the regiments would be broken up by the scrub, were doomed to disappointment. We regret to hear, however, that several of the Volunteers broke their legs, and were ruptured in consequence of the holes in the ground, and the stumps of fir trees, over which they had to march. The stuff that was in the Volunteers was sorely tried by the ten hours of incessant labour they underwent during the day, and the merry way in which some of the regiments marched through the streets on their return, proved that they are not one whit behind our ancestors in endurance and pluck, and that they are made of the same material as the train-bands who marched to the relief of Gloucester, and decided the fate of tyranny for ever in these islands.

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One of the worst accidents reported, that on the Eastern Valleys Railway, where a whole passenger train of the West Midland Company proceeding from Worcester to Newport was thrown off the rails, appears clearly to have been referable to the fact that the permanent way was not of sufficient strength to sustain the weight of a train travelling at express speed.

The circumstances of the accident on the Lynn and Hunstanton line are familiar, but there are some points in the Government report which are deserving of observation. When the line was originally inspected, previous to its being opened for traffic, the water in the ditches on each side of it formed a sufficient protection for the railway. But in the course of the summer of 1863 those ditches dried up, and the Great Eastern Company, aware of the danger thus resulting, commenced the construction of an excellent wire fence to render the line secure, requesting the farmer of the adjacent land to remove his cattle until the fence could be made good. The farmer being unable to comply, a platelayer was appointed to watch his cattle and prevent their straying. This platelayer had remained on the spot on the day of the accident till 5.30 p.m., when, not seeing the cattle, he left, under the belief that they had been removed from the field.

But the part of this case which teaches the most important lesson is what was the real cause of the loss of life which resulted. The cow was killed by the collision, and the train in all probability would not have suffered but that the engine, the tender, and the three first carriages of the train having passed over the carcass, without being thrown off the line—the fourth carriage sustained a jerk which brought it into contact with a piece of timber at the side of the metals which threw it off the rails, together with the carriage behind it. The passengers in these carriages, however, did not suffer, but five of those in the first compartment of the next, a third-class carriage, were killed. It appears that this was an old carriage, and that "the end bar of the body was very much decayed." Captain Tyler adds, "The experience of other accidents has amply demonstrated that strong sound carriages are highly conducive, when an accident occurs, to the safety of the passengers." Hence the utmost importance to railway companies of maintaining their rolling stock in the highest degree of efficiency.

Several of the accidents reported upon in this Parliamentary paper arose from trains running at improper speeds against facing points, and in illustration of this danger a diagram accompanies the report of the Darlington accident, exhibiting the complicated and dangerous state of the crossings and sidings at that station. The Government inspector, in his report, urges that "the signalmen, who are responsible for the proper performance of the important duties required at this crossing, should be provided with a suitable uniform, and should receive higher wages than they at present obtain, namely 17s. a week." It is a question, however, whether the level crossing of a mineral railway across a main trunk line of passenger road, constantly traversed by express trains, ought to be permitted at all.

Throughout the reports there is perhaps a tendency to pay too much respect to minor means and not sufficient regard to those larger improvements by which accidents might be more entirely prevented. In respect to breaks, every railway train carries with it the most powerful one in the reversal of the engine itself. A power, indeed, which the engine-driver dare not use if going beyond the lowest rate of speed, because the effect would be collision with his own carriages. But in driving against facing points the greatest caution should be observed. In the present record the greater proportion of the accidents arose at stations, and mostly from attempts to enter or pass at rates of speed which ought never to be permitted where traffic concentrates.

THE SHEFFIELD CATASTROPHE.

IN the correspondence which has passed between Sir George Grey and the directors of the Sheffield Waterworks, the former has reminded the Waterworks Company of the responsibility they will incur, if, after the failure of the Bradfield reservoir, and with a knowledge of the opinion expressed by eminent engineers as to the errors committed in its construction, the company continue to construct the reservoir at the Agden embankment on the same plan, and without adopting proper measures for preventing future catastrophes.

A copy of Mr. Rawlinson's letter to the Home Secretary was at the same time transmitted to the chairman, in which it is stated that all that is objectionable in subsoil, in design, in material, and in execution at Bradfield is equally objectionable at the Agden embankment, and in which he further urges the attention of the Waterworks Company to these points of the verdict at the inquest:—That there had not been that engineering skill and attention in the construction of the works which their magnitude

and importance demanded; that the cast-iron pipes laid through and beneath the embankment at its deepest part ought to be removed and be placed in a tunnel or culvert formed securely on one side of the reservoir in solid ground.

Objections are also taken to the use of too porous materials in the embankment, and also to the baring of the rock-beds within the water area of the reservoir.

In acknowledging these letters Mr. Smith, the chairman, states that at the first meeting of the Board after the inquest, namely, Saturday last, instructions had been given to stop the work at Agden, to which these letters refer; and he further states that it will not be proceeded with until the directors have had the best possible advice as to the future construction of the reservoir.

THE SALMON FISHERIES.

THE third annual report of the inspectors of salmon fisheries in England and Wales has been published, and extends over 78 pages. Two open fishing seasons and three close seasons having passed since the Act of 1861 came into operation, sufficient time has elapsed for the formation of reliable conclusions, and for some estimate to be made as to probable future improvement under the present laws. The manifest increase of fish within so short a period is greater in many waters than the most sanguine had anticipated, and so far tends to confirm the policy and principles upon which recent legislation has been based, while it is satisfactory also to find that many who at first held back in apathy have been led into active co-operation by the evidence presented of ascertained utility. The inspectors have taken advantage of the increased experience of those who are interested in the question and have taken a part in administering the existing law, by issuing a series of queries, and thus collecting the opinion of the country from the answers returned regarding its present working, the results which have followed, and the additions or amendments, if any, which might be suggested. These queries and the replies are published in the report. The fishery question involves such a variety of matters, arising out of local and peculiar circumstances, that it is difficult if not impossible to meet them by direct legislation, and it is therefore proposed to overcome this difficulty through the agency of an authority to make bye-laws. This power, it is thought, might be defined in pointing out the objects to which it should be applied and guarded by providing an appellate jurisdiction in the event of any attempt to exercise it in an arbitrary or unconstitutional spirit. It certainly should be only recognised in its ministerial capacity to carry into effect with integrity the declared and evident intentions of Parliament. In the replies to the queries a marked unanimity prevails as to the propriety of compulsory rating to obtain funds for protection, and a strong opinion is expressed in many of them in favour of including trout as well as salmon, and the report commends the expediency of such a step.

As a means of providing funds for this protection of the fisheries the imposition of a licence-duty upon all engines used for the capture of salmon is proposed, and an assessment upon all rateable fisheries. Some compulsory means of raising funds and of producing co-operation between the different interests to be found in salmon rivers is regarded by the inspectors as indispensable. The punishment for offences sanctioned by the act the report views as inadequate, and the imposition upon the owners of eel fisheries of restrictions for the protection of the salmon, young and old, is deemed imperative. The mischief occasioned by an improper use of the eel stages is exceedingly great. If the fisherman in trying for the few eels which he may possibly catch, should destroy the produce of a whole year's care and expense on the part of the salmon-fisheries proprietors he in no wise cares, and he cannot, as the law now stands, be made to do so. But it happens from the habits of the two fish that the proper fishing of the one need not in the least interfere with the preservation of the other. The salmon breed in fresh, the eels in salt water, and the former are running up the rivers when the latter are falling down; so that the restrictions recommended would not entail the smallest hardship upon the eel-fishery owners.

A NEW arrangement, we learn on good authority, has been made regarding the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. The dissatisfaction with the leadership of Mr. Disraeli was so great that many considerable members of the party were more than reluctant to go into serious action; while the impatience of another section for an attempt at office continued to increase. In these circumstances, it has been arranged, we believe, that, while the work of debating must of necessity continue to be done chiefly by Mr. Disraeli, the leadership in the Commons in all other respects will be entrusted to General Peel. It is intended, with this new disposition of forces, to try to upset the Government soon after Easter; but nothing is yet determined as to what question, or which side of any question, will be made available for that purpose.—*Scotsman*, March 24.

ON the ground of difficulties which have arisen as to the presumptive succession to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Maximilian has deferred the reception of the Mexican notables who had been deputed to request his acceptance of the Imperial crown of their country. It will be remembered that Sunday last had been appointed for the reception, at which the Archduke was to have formally accepted the Imperial dignity.—*Daily News*.

THE Archduke Maximilian has made a present to his sister-in-law, the Empress of Austria, of the island of Lacroma in the Adriatic.

Richard Cœur de Lion was a prisoner in this island after his return from Palestine. The Empress will pass some time there this spring for change of air.

AT Vienna, a young countess, only seventeen years of age, niece of one of the highest State officials, has shot herself through the body. In her possession was found a letter from her lover, in which he stated that circumstances would not allow him to fulfil his promise to marry her, and that he therefore released her from his vows. No hopes were entertained of her recovery.

AN Imperial decree of the Russian Czar just issued abolishes the compulsory sale of landed property belonging to Russian ladies on their marriage with foreigners. The consent of the Emperor to such marriages and the payment of three years' taxation in advance by foreigners on becoming naturalized Russian subjects are no longer to be necessary.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance* writes:—"It is affirmed that a treaty has been signed between Garibaldi, Kossuth, and a member of the Polish National Government, for what purpose may be readily conjectured, and that the object of Garibaldi's visit to London is to obtain financial resources to carry out this vast conspiracy. I give this as one of the thousand rumours to which the journey of the celebrated Italian patriot is attributed. But in any case, I doubt whether this levying of war will have the least chance of producing any effect as long as the French government continues its determination not to give its support to the cause of the democracy of Europe."

A LETTER from Rome says:—"During Lent balls have, of course, given way to musical entertainments here; and a Parisian star, M. Lovassor, has figured greatly at the *soirées* of Madame de Montebello. The Roman princesses, who on ordinary occasions have not shown themselves very ready to attend the *réunions* of the French general's lady, have condescended to accept the Countess de Montebello's invitations to hear the famous French buffo; but coming, according to Roman fashion, about ten or half-past, their excellencies have generally found all the best places occupied by the blonde beauties of *la perfide Albion*, who usually take the precaution of going early."

THE year 1863 concluded in Chili with the terrible conflagration of the Cathedral of Santiago, where 2,000 ladies were burnt to death. The year 1864 has opened gloomily for that country. On the 11th of January a dreadful earthquake happened at Copiapo. It was distinguished for its prolonged and deafening detonations. Simultaneously with the earthquake a new volcano burst out about 200 leagues distant from Copiapo, in a chain of mountains bordering on Bolivia.

THE late King of Bavaria has left about £400,000, the whole of which will be devoted to charitable and to scientific objects. A quarter of the sum will be spent on the Orphan Institute for the Children of Servants of the State.

THE Navy Department of the United States have advertised for tenders for raising the line-of-battle ships *Pennsylvania*, *Delaware*, and *Columbus*, the frigates *Cumberland*, *Congress*, *Merrimac*, *Raritan*, and *Columbia*, and the steamer *Whitehall*, which have been sunk during the rebellion.

THE tranquillity of St. Joseph's Day at Rome is attributed to an order of the day of the party of action, communicated by telegram to all the Garibaldian and Mazzinian committees throughout Italy, in the laconic words, "*Per San Giuseppe, nulla*."

A CASE which would have been of great public interest, and which related to the title and property of the late Sir F. Slade, Bart., was withdrawn at the late Somerset Assize, and will not be tried until the summer assize.—*Bristol Mirror*.

THE CHURCH.

WHAT MUST THE CLERGY DO?

THE Oxford Declaration is spreading far and wide, and, in spite of the feeble and desultory efforts of its opponents, is everywhere received with favour. The decision of the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, to which we referred in our last, has extinguished the only scruple which hitherto troubled conscientious minds, desirous, indeed, like the rest of their brethren, of joining in the avowal of their common faith, but withheld from doing so under the dread of showing disrespect to the highest tribunal in the realm. That barrier is now removed, and we cannot doubt that rapid as the success of the Declaration has been, its progress will be still more rapid. Ineffectual efforts have been made and feeble remonstrances heard against it in distant quarters, by a small but active party, on the pretext that the Declaration attempts to supersede the action of the Church by setting up a new test of its own. We do not view it in that light. The clergy are bound by their ordination vows to drive away false doctrine, to protect the flock committed to their charge from those heresies and errors which at different times and in different forms assail our common faith. Here is a fundamental article of belief not only called in question, but denied, not indeed by the Privy Council, for the Privy Council does not attempt to legislate on the abstract question of doctrine, but denied in books, and pamphlets, and newspaper correspondence, openly and insidiously—in all ways, in short, by which such a denial could gain the widest circulation and disseminate the greatest mischief. It would be monstrous if

the clergy were to sit still whilst they saw such a gigantic evil stalking through the land, perfectly convinced of the ruin it was bringing to the souls of thousands, and yet should not be allowed to avail themselves of the only sufficient means in their power for counteracting it. Those who now accuse them of usurping the proper functions of the Church, by this explicit declaration of their conviction, would then be the first to censure the clergy for a dereliction of duty. The evil is pressing; it demands instantaneous remedy. It grows apace; it acquires strength every moment; and will bid defiance to the most approved modes of cure, if that cure be delayed. We doubt whether, abstractedly, any decision in Convocation would have secured the proposed end so well as the Oxford Declaration. That body is yet too young, or rather too new in the resumption and use of its long-abandoned faculties. It is necessarily bound by certain forms, like other representative bodies, to permit the fullest expression of individual opinion. In its present constitution it fails to represent the whole Church and clergy of England; and therefore it was indispensable that some plan should be adopted by which every individual clergyman might be allowed to put his conviction on record for all future generations on this important question, and not by his silence seem to assent to doctrines fundamentally opposed to the faith of the Church he is sworn to maintain. If the Declaration appears to some to be an unusual measure, it should be remembered that it has been called forth by unusual circumstances. If there be some who still wish that such a Declaration should have emanated from a more authoritative body, they are not precluded by this memorial from appealing to Convocation. The document will certainly not retard the action of Convocation on this momentous subject, but rather assist it.

Meanwhile, if the Oxford Declaration shall have accomplished no other result than that of drawing men's attention to the subject, and showing the world that those who are most competent to form an opinion on the meaning of the words "eternal punishment" adhere to the simple and obvious sense in which the words have been hitherto received, that service will not have been unimportant. Whether the exact meaning of the words in dispute is to be determined by the ordinary rules of philology, or the authority of Fathers and Councils, or by their usage in the writings of the Reformers—and we know no other means,—there are names appended to the Declaration of the highest authority in each of these branches of study. The testimony of such men thus given in the face of the world will undoubtedly have the salutary effect of making the hasty and inconsiderate pause before they adopt conclusions easily taken up, but perhaps not so easily abandoned. We are living in an age when new ideas in theology are making their way among the half-learned and inexperienced, more in consequence of their novelty than their intrinsic worth; shocking at first, they are then tolerated, and end with being admired. And the fact that these novelties are sometimes advocated by men of great ability, are set forth with great speciousness, with no inconsiderable amount of popular eloquence, in an age craving for literary excitement, has done much to lend them an importance they could not have gained for themselves under different circumstances. But though our age be a literary one, it is also a busy one; most men have neither the time nor the inclination to examine difficult questions with serious attention, or patiently unweave the sophistry in which brilliant theological paradoxes are placed before them. Nor have they always the means, even when they have the inclination. For this want the clergy are not altogether free from blame. For many years they have seen the advance of these novel theological notions. They cannot fail to have seen them. Their propagators have been at no pains to conceal their intentions. They glory in a freedom and boldness of speculation, to which all previous criticism—even the most unfavourable to Revelation—was but as innocent play. And yet, unhappily engrossed with internal divisions, they have suffered those new doctrines to advance without any systematic attempt to oppose them; they have allowed errors to take root in the minds of the young and enthusiastic, without raising up any counteracting tendency, and, in a great measure, without so much as exposing their innate falsity and feebleness. The inspiration of Holy Scripture and the eternity of future punishments have now been openly assailed for more than half a century; yet we scarcely know of a sound popular manual on either subject fitted to meet the difficulties of the present day, which could be put into the hands of a waverer. Whilst attacks upon fundamental points of faith are skilfully conducted, appeals to the sympathy and vanity of the reader are calculated to mislead and captivate the unwary. Their advocates have obtained possession of the public ear, and no adequate attempt has yet been made to disabuse it. The Oxford

Declaration is a first step and a most important one in this direction; but it is not the only one that will have to be made, if the mischiefs to which we have referred are to be effectually counteracted. It will, as we have said, make many pause. It will probably create a wish for deliberation and better means of forming a correct judgment; but those means must be forthcoming in the shape of tracts and popular manuals, by competent writers, unless the clergy are prepared to see the Church cast loose from its ancient moorings, and the faith of many going astray, with no prospect of a safe return.

Nor can the clergy plead that they have been taken unawares. The two cardinal tenets round which the opposing forces are concentrated have not now for the first time been exposed to rude discussion. Even this new interpretation of the words, "eternal punishment," supposed to have sprung up in the last few years, and associated with the name of a living theologian, is as old as the outspring of the French Revolution and the early years of Coleridge. His sentiments, indeed, underwent many changes and grew into much greater conformity with the doctrines of the Church of England as he grew older; but among his youthful speculations is to be found the germ of this dispute, which is now troubling our days and has recently assumed such portentous dimensions. We give it in his own words, partly as a curious piece of literary history, and partly as showing what little of real novelty there is to be found in the arguments of Mr. Wilson and his advocates:—"As to eternal punishments, I can only say that there are many passages in Scripture, and these not metaphorical, which declare that all flesh shall be finally saved; that the word *aionios* is indeed used sometimes when *eternity must be meant*; but so is the word 'Ancient of Days'; yet it would be strange reasoning to affirm, that therefore the word *ancient* must always mean eternal. The literal meaning of *aionios* is 'through ages'; that is indefinite; beyond the power of imagination to travel." But then Coleridge concludes with a caution despised by his more recent followers:—"As to the effects of such a doctrine, I say that it would be more pious to assert nothing concerning it one way or the other." It is not our purpose to follow Coleridge or his admirers through the arguments drawn by them from the practice of mankind, or their theories of future punishment. It will be sufficient to say that he anticipated whatever has yet been urged on these heads. It is now worthy of observation that, like others of his followers, he adopted this view at the time much for the same reasons as the English Reformers would have rejected it. "Catholics," he argues, "are far more afraid of, and incomparably more influenced in their conduct by, the doctrine of purgatory than Protestants by that of hell."

Extremes meet. The laxity of modern thought and modern modes of interpretation are lately traceable to a relaxation of the principles for which the founders of the Church of England suffered at the Reformation. They act and react upon each other. German theology of the present day would find it difficult to trace the least affinity with Luther. It has run wild from its total disregard to Luther's teaching. Who can anticipate where it will end? Who can watch its present progress with any degree of complacency? If this country is not to follow in the same error, and with consequences far more disastrous, it behoves those who have to guide and instruct the people of England to see that the plain, obvious, and literal sense of Scripture on which our Reformers so strongly insisted be not surrendered to metaphysical conceits or the quibbling distinctions of subtle disputants.

EFFECTS OF THE OXFORD DECLARATION.

THE design of the originators of the now famous "Oxford Declaration" was not to oppose in any way the legal effect of the sentence pronounced by the Queen in the cases of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, on the advice of certain members of her Privy Council; but it was to neutralise, as far as possible, the moral influence of certain dicta of Lord Westbury's expressed in the Judgment which he read. We believe that they have succeeded in this their true design beyond even the most sanguine expectations which they could at first have entertained. The direct influence on men's minds of the voluntary union of more than 10,000 of the clergy (for to such a number do the signatures now amount) to express their own opinion concerning the doctrines of the Church of which they are the appointed teachers, cannot fail to have great weight. And it must be remembered that they have thus united in despite of every kind of taunt and species of dissuasion. The *Times* told them that their "clerical duties sit light on modern consciences," that "it is easier to sign a declaration, especially if one be not required to understand it, than to do the work of a parish priest." But these insinuations (which we regret that any respectable writer should have ventured to throw out against a body of men, who, whatever faults they may have, are certainly in the present day not wanting in intelligence, while they are foremost in every Christian work) only seem

to have made them sign the faster. Other journals have pronounced in favour of sceptical views, taunted them with "delighting in the damnation of their fellow-creatures," but this taunt also, though no doubt they feel it hard to bear, did not deter them from delivering their own consciences, by declaring their belief of a terrible truth, which they did not invent, which they, equally with their opponents, would gladly disbelieve if they could, but which they feel constrained to affirm that God (who alone can know) has revealed, and which, therefore, it is essential that men should receive. Neither have they been frightened by the bug-bear of impugning the Royal Supremacy (of which we shall have more to say presently) nor by the plausible objection that they were following the dictation of a clique which had no right to impose a new article of faith. They knew that every voluntary movement must be commenced by some one, and that it is essential to its voluntary character that those who begin it should not possess any show even of authority. They were conscious that it was no new article of faith to which they were subscribing, but only a re-assertion of that which had always been the faith of the Catholic Church and of their own branch of it, and to which they had in substance given their solemn assent at every step in their clerical life. We say, then, that the direct influence of the Oxford Declaration will, in all probability, exceed all that its originators could ever have expected from it.

But we are disposed to think that the results which it has produced indirectly are even more important and far more effective in promoting the object at which it aimed. We repeat that it was not the ultimate sentence of the Queen which was complained of. Englishmen never murmur because, after a fair trial, an accused person is acquitted, even though his acquittal only amounts to a verdict of "not proven," and he escapes but "with the skin of his teeth." What was felt to be really dangerous was the general principle that the Church was to receive a new code of faith through the commentaries on her formularies of lay judges being received as conclusive; and the particular example of that principle in the strange statements respecting the doctrines of the Church which were put forth by Lord Westbury and his assenting colleagues. We maintain that the Oxford Declaration has been indirectly the means of entirely neutralizing the danger which had in this respect apparently overtaken the Church. The Primate's Pastoral Letter was published almost avowedly in consequence of the Declaration; and the joint opinion of Sir Roundell Palmer and Sir Hugh Cairns, which we printed in our last number, would never have been given but for an ill-judged attempt to convict the Declaration of being illegal. And we challenge contradiction when we assert that these two documents have between them shorn Lord Westbury's Judgment of almost all its pernicious power, because they have demonstrated it to be legally without binding authority, and logically and intellectually erroneous in its most obnoxious conclusions. There can be no mistake about the former point. The eminent lawyers whom we have mentioned (and there are none more eminent in the kingdom) have plainly expressed their opinion that the reasoning and statements pursued or advanced by members of the Judicial Committee as the grounds of their recommendation to her Majesty "have no legal right to acquiescence or assent;" "may be inadequate to justify the recommendation;" may be "different" in "different members of the Committee;" may be "widely differing from the reasons on which they have previously based their recommendation in a case precisely similar;" and expressly, that "it is to the sentence of the Sovereign, and that alone, that the subjects of the Sovereign both lay and clerical have to look." In other words, they have told us that Lord Westbury's reasons for his Judgment are worth just what his Lordship's opinion is worth, and no more. And so undeniably true, in a legal sense, is this opinion, that the *Times* (though with evident reluctance) is compelled to assent to it; and the *Spectator* (whose tone, however, on the whole question we cannot too strongly dissent from and condemn) has acknowledged "that the obedience which the clergy owe to a Judgment of the Privy Council attaches only to the decree made, and not to any reasons given for that decree, even though they may be made public;" and that "they have no duties, intellectual or otherwise, towards the reasoning of the Judgment." We regard this as very important. Let it be once understood that Judgments of the Privy Council have no validity as defining the doctrine of the Church, but only as determining the legal responsibility of particular persons, and we do not say that there may not be an evil which requires to be remedied in such judgments rendering impossible the legal enforcement of the Church's doctrine, but we are sure that the minds and consciences of many will be much relieved. We must do the judges of the Privy Council the justice to say that in their late Judgment they disclaimed in the strongest terms any right or desire to declare the doctrine of the Church, although they rightly professed themselves bound so far to inquire what that doctrine is as to decide whether the extracts before them were penally contrary to it or no. They even laid it down that they had not to do with all expressions of the Church's doctrine, even on the questions involved in the case under litigation, but only with such of them as were contained in those parts of the formularies which were set forth in the pleadings. We might, therefore, leave here this part of the question, were it not for the general misapprehension which prevails about it and for the disingenuous countenance to such misapprehension which has been given in an influential journal. Unable to deny that the clergy are not legally bound to acquiesce in or abstain from controverting the reasoning of the Judgment, the *Times* yet maintains that they owe a moral allegiance to it. It asks, "Does a deliberate affirmation that the

Church holds that which the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal has decided to be no part of her dogmatic system amount to a breach of clerical allegiance to the Queen?" And then, granting that the reasoning of the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns "must carry conviction" in the negative "to most minds," it yet maintains that it is "lawful to sign such a document" as the Oxford Declaration only "in precisely the same sense in which it is lawful to deny inspiration and eternal punishment. No man can be subjected to pains and penalties for doing either, but it no more follows that the one is consistent with due subordination to the Royal Supremacy than that the other is consistent with Catholic orthodoxy."

We will not pay the writer of the above the bad compliment of imagining that he did not perceive that if it be admitted that the reasoning of the Privy Council's Judgment is no part of the Royal sentence, that is of the true decision of the "supreme ecclesiastical tribunal," it can be no insubordination to the Royal supremacy to deny, however publicly and formally, the validity of that reasoning. And we therefore feel that the clergy have grave reason to complain of an attempt to bind the conscience by that which has no claim to authority over it, and to impute to them, without shadow of foundation, a failure in due respect to the Queen. It would be well in this matter, if, before writing nonsense about "due subordination to the Royal supremacy," people would take some pains to inform themselves in what the supremacy consists, and what are the obligations of the clergy with respect to it. We recommend those who wish to be accurate on these points to read, in the first instance, the 36th canon. They will there find that the subscription required of the clergy, *quoad* the supremacy, is simply to the following statement:—"That the Queen's Majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm, and of all other her Highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal; and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, State, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within her Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries." The subscription is mainly directed against the supremacy of the Pope, but doubtless carries with it a denial of the right of the spirituality to set up any ecclesiastical courts without the Royal authority and an implied promise of subscription to any legal and constitutional action of the Queen or those in lawful authority under her. But does this give to the Queen any authority in matters of doctrine? So far from it, that the Thirty-seventh Article of the Church, after substantially stating the doctrine of the above canon, goes on to oppose to the notions of certain "slandrous folks" the following declaration:—"We give not to our princes the ministering either of God's word or of the sacraments, the which thing the injunctions lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen do most plainly testify." We turn to these injunctions and we find this to be the explanation which is referred to in the Article:—"Certainly her Majesty neither doth nor ever will challenge any authority other than that was challenged and lately used by the said noble kings of famous memory, King Henry VIII. and King Edward VI., which is and was of ancient time due to the imperial crown of this realm; that is, under God, to have the sovereignty and rule over all manner of persons born within these realms, dominions, and countries, of what state either ecclesiastical or temporal soever they be; so as no other foreign power shall or ought to have any superiority over them. And if any person that hath conceived any other sense of the said oath shall accept the same oath with this interpretation, sense, or meaning, her Majesty is well pleased to accept every such in that behalf as her good and obedient subjects." It is evident from this, that if the Queen were in person, or by any lay Court, to promulge a new article of faith, or to put a new interpretation on any of those already received by the Church, even in such a case no clergyman would be bound to accept it until it had been duly sanctioned by the Church itself in her lawful synods. For to them acting under the Queen, and not to the Queen independent of them, belongs, by law and right, "authority in matters of faith." Much less can any authority be claimed for a mere dictum of some lay judge appointed to try certain causes. We shall have something to say on a future occasion as to the anomalies and mischievous character of that modern novelty, the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in ecclesiastical causes. We have now done with the legal effect of Lord Westbury's "Judgment." In future cases it may no doubt be quoted and have an influence (though not necessarily a decisive one) in their decision; but, *proprio vigore*, it is just so much waste paper.

Some may, perhaps, think that it will still command great moral respect as the embodiment of the opinion on matters of doctrine, to which they had given careful attention, of several eminent lawyers. We think, however, that in this respect the Archbishop's letter will go far to deprive the paper read by Lord Westbury of all weight and influence. Few, we imagine, will prefer the opinion of Lord Chancellor Westbury to that of Archbishop Longley on a question of the meaning of theological language contained in the formularies of the Church of England; and fewer still, we are confident, will be able to maintain such a mistaken preference after comparing the logic of the Judgment with that of the Pastoral Letter.

THE OXFORD DECLARATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Enclosed is a copy of a letter I forwarded, so long ago as the 14th instant, for insertion in the *Times*. It has been utterly ignored

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by that magnanimously impartial paper, and has (no doubt, with a number of others of similar [purport]) been thrust into the waste basket.

Now I am not, Sir, so unreasonable as to suppose that because I may choose to write a letter to any paper it must necessarily be inserted. I am not disgusted because *my own* letter has not been suffered to appear; but because I cannot but observe that, while the *Times* has favoured us with a torrent of letters grossly abusing the clergy in reference to this matter, not a single voice has by it been suffered to reply to these malignities. I may refer particularly to a most scurrilous production inserted about a week ago, signed "Gravestone." Now if this worthy, as his style of signature might suggest, be a "titled" party, I know not. But there needs no ghost to tell me that his is the insolence of an ignorant and ill-bred man. The meanness of the *Times* in suffering no reply to so much of this reiterated abuse is contemptible. I should have been well content had any other letter containing a similar protest been suffered to appear; but the *Times* has quietly stifled them all.

May I, then, under these circumstances, ask you to insert the following protest on the part of poor curates? I honestly believe it faithfully to represent the feeling of the mass of them on the subject to which it refers; and I am fully persuaded that the inferior clergy are by no means the slavish class the Rev. F. D. Maurice would maliciously guide outsiders to suppose.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Wolverhampton, March 23, 1864. A WOLVERHAMPTON CURATE.

I enclose my card.

To the Editor of the "*Times*."

SIR,—Since you have, in your impression of the 12th, inserted a letter from the Rev. F. D. Maurice, in which he casts an outrageous stigma upon all who, like myself, are "small and of no reputation" in the Church, I think I have just claim upon you that you should insert this letter.

I will give you my own case, to which I have no doubt the cases of some thousands of curates will be similar. I declare on my word and conscience (that is to say, if a curate may claim to have such a commodity, and the possession of it is not confined to such as the Rev. F. D. Maurice and those who, like him, call in question the doctrines of the Church while they retain its offices and emoluments), that on my receipt of the Oxford Declaration (though I deplore the events that make it necessary) I eagerly and joyfully signed it without having consulted any human creature, and without the remotest reference to any good, bad, or indifferent consequences at the hands of my superiors in the Church. Indeed I think Mr. Maurice's innuendo casts a slander upon them also. I beg further to state that had the signing of this Declaration involved the slightest strain upon my conscience I should certainly have withheld my signature, also without the remotest regard to consequences. On the two points wherewith the Declaration deals my mind was settled long before I became one of the clerical order; nor has it since been unsettled by all the shallow arguments of that *quondam* bishop, Dr. Colenso, nor by the subtler cobwebs spun by the writers of "*Essays and Reviews*." Is it not a meanness as well as an outrage that he should cast this slander upon us? Had Mr. Maurice confined himself to the ventilation of his unsound theology in your columns, I should have been well content to leave him to be dealt with by abler hands; but I positively demur, in behalf of the class of which I am a unit, to the imputation that I sign this Declaration merely in slavish compliance, or in any fear of consequences which he falsely pretends might ensue. It is monstrous that curates, and the mass of the other clergy, should every now and then in your columns be spoken of as if they could boast no soul nor conscience above the considerations of lucre. What have we done to merit this imputation? I appeal to public opinion.

Mr. Maurice's rampaging conduct very much reminds me of what I have whilom observed of the conduct of a rabbit in a net. He perceives the meshes of public opinion and the condemnation of his fellows to be fast closing around himself and others who have betrayed their trust; and so, like the poor rabbit, he "goes at it tooth and nail," and in his frantic struggles cannot let even "poor curates" alone.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Wolverhampton, March 14, 1864. A WOLVERHAMPTON CURATE.

I enclose my card.

On Tuesday morning the Rev. Edward Harold Browne, D.D., was consecrated at Westminster Abbey to the Bishopric of Ely. Early morning service was taken by the Rev. Samuel Flood Jones, M.A., and the Rev. F. K. Harbord, two of the minor canons of the Abbey. At eleven o'clock a procession entered the choir from the western door. It consisted of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of St. David's, the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Browne, the bishop elect; the Rev. Dr. Jeremie, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and a large body of clergymen. The Archbishop of Canterbury commenced this portion of the service, the epistle being read by the Bishop of Worcester, and the gospel by the Bishop of St. David's. The responses in the Communion Service were those of Bishop Turton (formerly Dean of Westminster), the Nicene Creed (Tune in D) being sung with great effect. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Jeremie. The consecration service which followed has been too often described to require any remark. The new Bishop, the Rev. Edward Harold Browne, D.D., is son of Robert Browne, Esq., of Morton House, Bucks, and was born in 1811. He was educated at Eton, and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he graduated as a Wrangler in 1832, appearing also in the Classical Tripos, and being subsequently Fellow and Tutor of his college. He became incumbent of St. Sidwell's, Exeter, in 1841, and was Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew at St. David's College, Lampeter, from 1843 to 1849, when he was appointed vicar of Kenwyn in Cornwall, and Prebendary of

Exeter. In 1857 he became vicar of Heavitree, in Devonshire. In 1854 he was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and in 1857 Canon Residentiary of Exeter Cathedral. He published in 1850-53 a learned *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, two vols., 8vo., reprinted in one volume in subsequent editions (fifth edition, 1860); also a volume of sermons *On the Atonement and other Subjects*, preached before the University of Cambridge in 1859. He has been admitted D.D. at Cambridge since his elevation to the see of Ely. His lordship is married to a daughter of Clement Carlyon, M.D., of Truro, who died a few weeks ago at a very advanced age.

A PRIEST describes in the *Guardian* a "very edifying and helpful service" which was held at St. Alban's, Holborn, on Good Friday. It is said to be the revival of an adaptation of the ancient Office in Commemoration of the Three Hours on the Cross. The service began at 2 p.m. with the Litany. Mr. Mackonochie, from the pulpit, then explained the outline of the office, and, with the help of the choir, conducted it. First some general remarks were made on the whole subject; then the first Word from the Cross was chanted by the choir. This word was taken as a text for a short address or meditation. Then, by invitation, the congregation knelt for a short space, in meditation on the points put forth by the preacher, whilst, as he said, the organ played "soft music." Lastly, a hymn on the Passion, to a popular tune, was sung, and this completed the first portion of the office. The same order was followed throughout, and a few words of exhortation concluded the service. It is stated that there was somewhat of a similar service at St. Mathias', Stoke Newington.

In the heart of the city of London there is a church where to this day, in pursuance of some old bequest, every Easter Tuesday the Rector preaches what is called the "Flower sermon," which is always about flowers, and the people who come to hear it bring bouquets of flowers in their hands.—*Guardian*.

SCIENCE.

UTILIZATION OF BRINE.—A very important application of Professor Graham's processes of dialysis has been made by Mr. Whitelaw, of Glasgow, to the utilization of brine. After fresh meat has been sprinkled with salt for a few days, it will be found swimming in brine; in fact, flesh retains, like a sponge, more than three-fourths of its weight of water, but it has not the power to retain more than half that quantity of brine, so that under the action of salt it allows a portion of its water to flow out. The water thus expelled is saturated with soluble nutritive ingredients, and is, in fact, juice of flesh—soup with all its valuable properties. In the large curing establishments very considerable quantities of this brine are produced and thrown away as useless; and this is the material to which Mr. Whitelaw has applied the process of dialysis—and, according to his statements, with success—to remove the salt from the brine, and procure pure fresh extract of meat. The brine is first filtered, to free it from particles of flesh and other solid impurities; and the juice as obtained from the dialysers may be made without further preparation into rich soups, or it may be concentrated by evaporation into solid extract of meat. More or less concentrated, even to dryness, the extract can be packed in tins or jars for sale, or the concentrated liquor can be mixed with flour, and made into meat-biscuits. Two gallons of brine yield one pound of extract, and the economic and practical value of redeeming so much waste sustenance may be briefly comprehended from the fact, that in one house in Glasgow alone, 60,000 gallons are yearly thrown away, and estimating the soup-producing power of 7lbs. of meat, without bone, as equal to one gallon of the extract, the value of this waste is equal to 187 tons of meat, and taking the meat at 6d. per pound, to £10,472 in money. The waste in the American curing establishments must be still more enormous. During the last season, in eight of the Federal States, upwards of 4,000,000 pigs were cured, all the brine from which was turned to no practical account whatever.

AMONGST the recent acquisitions to the Zoological Gardens the most remarkable are a young American monkey (*Pithecia satanas*) and four examples of the rufous-tailed pheasant (*Euplocamus erythrophthalmus*), the latter having been presented to the society by the Baboo Rajendra Mullick, of Calcutta.

MR. HIGHLEY, of Leicester-square, has manufactured a polariscope to be used in conjunction with the magic lantern in popular science exhibitions. The various parts are mounted on a "gout-board support," the upright of which carries on one side a bundle of thin glass plates of sufficient number to give a bright reflected beam of polarised light, on the other the stage and magnifying power. The spring stage for carrying Selenite designs, unannealed glass, and other objects, is formed within a tube attached to the front of the panel.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—The actual formation of the portion of this great work in front of Norfolk and Arundel-streets, has been commenced, and from this spot eastward to the Temple Gardens the works are being carried on rapidly.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WOOLNER'S STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

MR. WOOLNER was selected as the sculptor to model a statue of the late Prince Consort for the Museum of Oxford University. The statue has, we understand, been executed at the cost of the City and Corporation, and is presented by them to the University. It is intended to occupy a central position in the large room of the museum, around which are arranged the other statues which

belong to the general architectural design of the museum, and are therefore more or less restricted in size, so as to comport with the height of the columns and the general proportions of the building. They are all rather less than life-size, and it is now admitted that this was not altogether a judicious arrangement. We should fear that when the statue of the Prince comes to take position amongst them, its superior height will detract still more from the statuesque dignity of the surrounding philosophers and engineers. However, it was not to be expected that Mr. Woolner would choose to follow the same rule if it could be avoided, as in this case it very well could, since the statue of the Prince will occupy the centre. Indeed, he has rather approached the heroic standard in making his figure about three or four inches above six feet, which must have been the full height of the Prince.

Mr. Woolner has departed from the usual representations of Prince Albert with which the public has recently become so familiar, in taking his portrait from the earlier period of the late Prince's life—it may be soon after he became the husband of the Queen. The figure is that of a graceful young man, dressed in a short morning-jacket, with a riding-cloak thrown back from the shoulders. The attitude is extremely simple, though with a certain pose of the head of the royal order which belonged to the high position he held. The right hand rests upon the hip, while the left hangs easily by the side holding the gloves. That puzzling article of dress, the hat, is got rid of altogether; and the Prince, being uncovered, is seen not bald, as many will remember him, but with abundant hair, parted neatly and adding much to the vigorous expression of the head. The features, however, are of the same regular and marble smoothness they always wore, and the likeness is well preserved. Mr. Woolner is too able a sculptor of the head not to have succeeded in giving a very excellent portrait; and we think he has thrown a force of expression into the face which was characteristic of the Prince in his best moments, as when giving his opinion upon subjects on which he felt he was entitled to speak with might, as well as his natural intelligence—such subjects, in fact, as the museum in which the statue stands is meant to illustrate. The drapery strikes us as being very happily studied, especially knowing how difficult it is to get sculptors sufficiently to avoid the classic forms, and yet not to be too realistic in the cut of modern coats and trousers. The profile view of the figure is particularly good, and remarkable for the likeness, and, indeed, the statue is well conceived for every position in which it will be seen.

There is a novelty in the material of which this statue is made. It is carved out of a block of the finest Caen stone, which has a beautifully warm tint and a certain agreeable look of the surface not attained by marble until some years of toning down. The detail of the carving, however, has not been in any degree sacrificed because the statue is in stone instead of marble; indeed, it would appear that the artist has taken a delight in giving many niceties of texture and form which perhaps marble could not exactly be made to represent. Seeing that the cost of marble is often an obstacle to works of sculpture being executed, this experiment should give encouragement to the production of other works of art intended for interiors, in which the value may thus reside in the beauty of the work rather than the costliness of the material. However, in this building, we believe all the statues were originally designed to be in stone, and one of these, the Bacon, is the work also of Mr. Woolner.

MUSIC.

THE Royal Italian Opera opened on Tuesday with "Norma," introducing a representative of the Priestess who is new to a London audience, although of some years' renown abroad. There are few parts so arduous as that of Norma, demanding as it does vocal, declamatory, and histrionic powers of the highest order. Finished vocalisation of the best Italian school, impassioned, dignified, and pathetic acting, are indispensable in such an assumption; and identified as the character is with the genius of Pasta and Grisi, it is a severe test even for an artist of very high powers. The opera itself, considered by Bellini as his masterpiece, is one of those works which, notwithstanding wide and long-continued popularity, cannot be ranked among the great efforts of musical thought. An opera is so composite a work that it may succeed from several causes apart from the intrinsic worth of the music. An interesting drama, or even one strongly marked character, admitting of some grand display of histrionic power, may give a currency and add a splendour to music which is really deficient in any of the higher attributes of dramatic composition. The somewhat sickly sentimentalism and languid sweetness of Bellini, embodied in those exceedingly pretty tunes in which he was so fertile, pass off pleasantly enough in a simple rustic love story such as the "Sonnambula;" but when, as in Norma, severe dignity, high religious enthusiasm, and intense tragic passion, are to be expressed, it must be felt by all but the most uncompromising partisan of the modern Italian school, that the honied sweetness and languid suavity of Bellini's music are not adequate to the subject and situations of the drama. There is but one modern Italian composer, Rossini, who has risen to that height of passionate grandeur and romantic colouring which such a subject as "Norma" demands in its musical treatment—and even Rossini has scarcely realized these conditions elsewhere than in his "Guillaume Tell." What, then, has caused "Norma" to rank as an example of grand lyric tragedy? Chiefly the absorbing interest which centres in the one character of the Priestess, and the large opportunity for picturesque

acting and subtle delineation of conflicting passions and emotions afforded by the contest of passion of which she is the victim. Of the importance, in a theatrical sense, of these stage qualities over the musical element, Madame Pasta, the original and greatest representative of the part, afforded ample evidence, since her grand Siddons-like performance and magnificent declamation silenced all criticism on her vocal imperfections. Bellini undoubtedly possessed musical genius and great gift of melody, but it was of a languid and enervated character, incapable of realizing the romantic, much less the sublime, and not even approaching the depths of the profoundest human feeling. He wrote, however, with admirable knowledge of vocalization, and his music, in displaying the best capabilities of the singer's art, has of course insured the preference of those who generally think more of individual display than of higher and more abstract excellences. Then the charmingly pretty tunes of which an opera of Bellini's almost entirely consists are a sure passport to that popularity which a theatrical audience generally bestows on that which pleases it without requiring much thought or reflection. Not that charming melodies are by any means to be excluded from the highest music; but there are as many kinds of melodies as there are of laughter, and the difference between the tunes of a great composer and a small one are as characteristic of the mind from which they proceed as the laugh of the wise man and the giggle of the school-girl,—as may well be illustrated in music by comparing the melodies of Beethoven and Weber with the tunes of some of the smaller Italian Opera composers. The music of "Norma," which belongs to neither of these extremes, is nevertheless a mistake throughout in style with reference to the character of the drama. What can be more misplaced than the jubilant tune (a very pretty tune in itself) of the opening chorus, "Dell'aura tua profetica," in which the high-priest and the Druids utter the most terrible denunciations to a rollicking melody about as consistent with the situation as the commonest colloquialisms of every day life would be in an epic poem. The great air of Norma, "Casta Diva," is certainly expressive and melodious, but is utterly devoid of any such elevation as should characterise the solemn invocation of the dignified Druid Priestess. In fact, the whole of the music consists of a series of tunes—very pretty tunes as before admitted—but utterly beneath the dignified, severe, and elevated sentiment of the situations. Then there are none of those grand concerted climaxes and effects of combination which are absolutely requisite to an opera of such pretensions; nor is there any attempt at characterisation,—all sing the same soft, honied, languid phrases, expressive rather of the insipid sentiment of fashionable listlessness than of intense, earnest, and elevated feeling. For the reasons already given, however, "Norma" will doubtless long continue to be popular with singers and audiences, and there is no injustice in such popularity so long as this opera is not indiscriminately associated with the really great examples of the lyric drama, which are distinguished both by a higher order of thought and a greater perfection of art.

In Mdle. Lagrua Mr. Gye has found a dramatic singer who will probably go far to atone for the loss of Grisi. The new-comer at once established her claim to rank as an artist of a very high order; indeed, it is rare to find any such combination of vocal cultivation with histrionic excellence as that possessed by Mdle. Lagrua. Her acting was throughout full of earnest and thoughtful study and finished execution. Her attitudes are always picturesque, dignified, yet graceful; while her expression of the most opposite passions and emotions is characterized by great versatility of power. As a vocalist, Mdle. Lagrua is evidently an accomplished artist; with a voice of fully two octaves in compass, the upper notes of which are somewhat penetrating in quality when forced, while the middle portion is capable of much sympathetic expression. Throughout all that she does there is such high intelligence and so earnest an intention, that only hypercriticism would look microscopically for the note-perfect execution of every passage. Mdle. Lagrua is a great dramatic singer, who will prove a most valuable accession to Mr. Gye's company, and doubtless earn a high reputation here. Mdle. Battu was a better Adalgisa than the average representatives of that part, but the *cadenzas a due* in her duet with Norma ("Deh! con te") were anything but consentaneous in effect. Signor Attri, who made his first appearance as Oroveso, promises to be a valuable addition to the list of excellent bass singers already in the company. He has a fine sonorous voice, and sings with intelligence and impressiveness. Signor Naudin, as on former occasions, made as much, both musically and dramatically, of Pollio, as the part admits of; and the opera altogether was given with great completeness and efficiency. The orchestra and chorus, under Mr. Costa's guidance, are of the same excellence as heretofore.

THE Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Royal Family have honoured Mr. George Thomas with sittings for his picture of the Prince of Wales's marriage, which is now painting at Windsor Castle.

MR. H. O'NEIL has had the honour of a sitting from the Prince of Wales for his picture of the Landing at Gravesend; and Mr. H. Weigall has been honoured by a sitting from the Princess for her full-length portrait.

THE erection of a national gallery at Berlin has been decided on. This resolution has been taken in consequence of the late M. Wagner, the principal of the large banking firm of Anhalt and Wagner, of Berlin, having bequeathed his valuable collection of paintings to the King of Prussia.

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ART has to register this week the loss of two of its most eminent followers in very opposite branches. Hippolyte Flandrin, the decorator of so many of the Paris churches in fresco, and painter of the admirable portraits of the Emperor and Prince Napoleon, has died at Rome. Calame, the unrivalled Genevese painter of Swiss scenery, has died also at Mentone, leaving no equal in his peculiar line.

THE erection of the "Norwich gates" has just been completed, at the entrance of the grounds of Sandringham House.

THE Alexandra Dramatic Club, established for the purpose of giving theatrical representations in aid of charitable institutions, performed on Wednesday evening last to a large audience at the Victoria Hall, Westbourne-grove. Sheridan's admirable comedy, "The Rivals," was the first piece, and the parts were sustained throughout with unwonted ability. Indeed, we do not remember ever to have seen amateurs perform so well. The audience were evidently interested and amused beyond their expectations. The parts of Captain Absolute, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and Lydia Languish, were admirably rendered. The second piece, "The Loan of a Lover," was also very successful. In short, the Club is one of great promise, and from the well-merited approbation it has elicited, bids fair to be of very great use for the object for which it has been founded.

THE council of the Royal Dramatic College have made arrangements for a morning performance at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, on Wednesday, the 13th of April, in aid of the funds of the college. The play will be the "School for Scandal," supported by Mr. Phelps, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Addison, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mr. Toole, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Frank Mathews, Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Marston, Miss H. Simms, &c. The musicians, known as the Wandering Minstrels, whose band is composed exclusively of amateurs—conductor, the Hon. Seymour Egerton—have consented to perform the music on the occasion. As the institution in whose behalf this entertainment is projected is a most deserving and interesting one, it is to be hoped that the performance will be liberally patronised by the public.

A NEW oratorio, entitled "Ahab," by George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc., of New College, Oxford, will be performed by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 6th of April. The principal vocalists engaged are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss A. Hirst, Miss Palmer, Miss Amy Sheridan, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Renwick, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. This is the first time for many years that a new work of such magnitude as an oratorio has been undertaken by a London society.

MR. FECHTER, who has been unable to appear in "Bel Demonio" for the last fortnight, in consequence of an accident which he met with during the performance, will resume his original character to-night, when the whole of the profits will be devoted to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the inundation near Sheffield.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE state of the money-market has changed a little for the worse. The revenue payments at the end of the quarter with the further absorption of capital in new companies has exercised a considerable effect, but not greater than was anticipated, on the rates for accommodation out of doors and at the Stock Exchange. The foreign stock and railway share settlements have at the same time occurred at the end of the month, so that altogether the tendency has been towards stringency. After the 4th of the new month, when the wholesale and retail drapery engagements fall due, we shall probably experience a little ease, since the weight of payments will then have temporarily terminated. Towards the middle of the month will be ascertained the influence of the distribution of the dividends, which should produce greater abundance if the advances obtained antecedently from the Bank have not proved unprecedentedly large. Almost everything now goes so directly by the rule of contrary that it is difficult to predict what will be the course of financial events even in the space of a fortnight. The official rate at the Bank of England is 6 per cent., and the quotation is nearly similar in the open market, only very exceptional engagements taking place at 5½ per cent. The brokers have been shorter than usual with their supplies during the last week, and the banks, joint-stock and private, have been drawn upon to a considerable extent. One unfavourable feature in the existing condition of things is the recommencement of shipments of specie to the Continent; and if these shall be followed, as is rumoured, by the Indian Council proceeding to draw bills, a gradual but steady demand may arise which will hereafter create a serious alteration in the rates throughout the whole of the money market. To counterbalance the movement likely to be stimulated by the renewal of silver remittances to the East, supplies of gold will come forward from Australia and America, while the receipts from the Pacific of the mixed metals are progressively increasing.

The great hubbub occasioned by the refusal of the settlement in the shares of the Australian and Eastern Steam Navigation has at length cooled down. The directors have replied temperately and well to the resolution of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and with this it is supposed that the business will at present conclude. The managers of the undertaking announce that they are prepared to return deposits to such of the shareholders as may wish to retire, and from an announcement of this kind it is presumed an endeavour will be made to reorganise the project. Considering the position of the parties, no serious obstacle ought to interpose to such an arrangement, particularly after the spirit

displayed by the proprietors in protecting what they conceived to be the vital interests of the enterprise. Each party, the Stock Exchange dealers and the Liverpool and Manchester operators, were both more or less to blame; and the late exposure, for such it has undoubtedly been, will assist to repress this description of speculation for the future. It is evident that since the resolute stand made by the jobbers against the payment of differences upon the bargains thus concluded the activity of business in the neighbourhood of Capel-court has diminished, and it is a healthy symptom to see that many of the shares of projects recently launched are sinking to their proper level. When a number of these shall have been weeded from the market there will be more room for good and legitimate enterprises, which are probably kept from being introduced through the mass of rubbish that requires to be cleared away before a proper field can be afforded them. Though there is still an accession of new schemes, many are steadily falling into decay, and the next few months will show how surely this prediction will be verified.

The new Company fever has not subsided. Schemes of every shade and hue continue to be brought forward, but with what general success it is almost impossible to state. The legitimate and *bond fide* projects attract subscriptions as fast as ever, especially when presented through the recommendation of Financial Associations, and the shares at once command a premium, floating almost as readily as they did six or nine months ago. Good undertakings are, however, not so plentiful as they were then, the ground having been in a great degree occupied, but when they do appear they receive encouragement of a most extensive character, and premiums are at once the immediate result. The second and third class schemes scarcely now receive any consideration. They have to be pushed, to be worked, to be "rigged," if it can be quietly accomplished, and placed at a price often to the loss of the promoters, if the public are not eventually entrapped, and thus it is we find so frequently dragging prices, with nominal quotations, which run the same as it were from day to day, without the slightest variation. This will eventually be discovered to be the canker-worm of the system, and it will eat deeply into the pockets of many of the unsuspecting public before the mania becomes exhausted. The old plan is being resorted to by directors, as it was in the railway period, of favouring the applicants with the whole of their allotments when the shares run to a discount, but on the contrary, when they rule at a premium, they receive a tenth or a hundredth of what they require, and frequently none at all.

After a thousand and one flying rumours of the difficulty standing in the way of the Archduke Maximilian proceeding to Mexico, he will, it is said, proceed thither at once. The question of succession is settled. He has secured an advance from the Anglo-Austrian Bank and Messrs. Glyn; and not only will the new Emperor at once assume his position, but the loan, respecting which there has been such an indefinite amount of gossip, will be forthwith negotiated. Therefore, notwithstanding the recent speculation and fluctuation in prices, the position of Mexican Stock as a security will be ensured, the only drawback being the settlement with the Three per Cent. bondholders for their claims and arrears. This matter will in all probability be decided at the meeting which is called for Monday, and at which a full discussion must be entered into. The resources of Mexico, under sound management and administration, are sufficient to provide for any moderate extent of debt, and a few years will show a most important phase in their development.

Contemporaneous with this movement in Mexican, Spanish and Greek are once more coming upon the *tapis*. Spain is to regenerate her credit, so her advocates aver, through the settlement of the Passive and the certificate claims. The investigation into the matter is, it would seem, proceeding satisfactorily, and the Government are, it is alleged, prepared to make the requisite concessions to the bondholders. If this shall really prove the case, there can be no question that the *status* of the Government will be materially improved, and the market eventually opened to allow it to participate in the financial advantages of the day. With Spain in this condition, Greece will not be able long to defer the proper recognition of her old obligations and arrears. The young King and his advisers will soon perceive at what a distance they must stand in any pecuniary arrangements they may desire to conclude with such a stigma on their credit. The force of example must operate before long, and terminate favourably, we believe, for those interested.

THE Bank Court met on Thursday, but separated without making any alteration in the rate of discount. It was not expected they would announce a change in consequence of the strong pressure upon their resources. The bullion, by the return made up to Wednesday, exhibited a decrease of £280,000.

THERE was £37,000 withdrawn from the Bank on Thursday. Nothing has been sent in in the course of the week. The price of bar silver is well supported, because a demand is anticipated from India.

BUSINESS has been more or less interfered with at the Stock Exchange by the Easter holidays and the progress of the settlements. Consols for money are 91½ to 2, and for the account, 91½ to 2.

MEXICAN, Spanish, and Greek are all firmer, with a more active business.

THE fancy securities—such as General Credit, International, and all others of the class, show strength with a rising market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CARLYLE'S *FREDERICK THE GREAT*.*

IN noticing previous instalments of Mr. Carlyle's work, we have discussed its general character, and expressed our opinion both as to its undoubted excellences, and as to what seem to us its equally palpable defects. We do not see any reason for materially altering our estimate of the book as a whole, and we shall therefore now confine our remarks to that portion of it which is more immediately before us.

The present volume commences with Frederick's intervention in the general European war which was going on in 1744. The ostensible question in that war was, we need hardly remind our readers, the succession to the Imperial throne of Germany. In reality it was a renewal of the old struggle between England, Austria, and Holland on the one side, and France and Bavaria on the other. The interests of Germany were no doubt represented by Austria, and if Frederick had had the cause of the Fatherland solely or mainly at heart, he would undoubtedly have stood by Maria Theresa. But in those times nobody thought much about German unity; and the King of Prussia was the last man in the world to permit any speculative notions of this kind to interfere with the working out of his practical policy. That policy was directed simply and solely to the aggrandisement of Prussia. There may be a difference as to the degree in which such an end justified the means employed; but as to the fact that this was Frederick's sole end, and that he was utterly unscrupulous as to the mode in which he attained it, there can be no reasonable doubt. Now, between himself and the Empress-Queen there existed a deadly and irremovable cause of quarrel. She could never forget the wrongful and wholly unjustifiable incorporation of Silesia; while the conqueror of that province could not help feeling that in the depression of the house of Austria lay his only security for the retention of his ill-gotten gains. The consequences of the annexation of Silesia clung to Frederick during his whole subsequent life; and in point of fact his foreign policy was little more than one continued effort to protect this important acquisition. Accordingly, when, in the summer of 1744, Prince Karl crossed the Rhine and drove the armies of Louis XV. before him, Frederick saw that the time for intervention was come; for, if Maria Theresa were once relieved from the pressure of France, she was certain to attempt the recovery of Silesia. Under the palpably false pretence of supporting the claims of the King of Bavaria to the Imperial throne, and on the understanding that in case of success he was to have for himself the three Bohemian circles and some other territory, he entered into an alliance with France, and forthwith invaded Bohemia. One result which was anticipated from this movement immediately followed. Prince Karl was obliged to recross the Rhine, and, had the French, as they promised, pressed vigorously upon him, his retreat would probably have been converted into a disaster. But the French had their own objects to serve nearer home, and the Austrian General was permitted to transfer his army without molestation to Bohemia, where Frederick now found himself in serious difficulties. The Saxons joined the enemy, and during the next year it was with extreme difficulty that he was able to hold Silesia. In the campaign of 1745 (which is described with the clearness and graphic power which never fail Mr. Carlyle in dealing with military operations), Frederick for the first time gave signs of that capacity for war which he subsequently displayed. After the three battles of Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, and Kesselsdorf, "Prince Karl, cut in two, tumbles home again double quick," and the King of Prussia dictated terms of peace in the capital of Saxony. Those terms were, it must be confessed, exceedingly moderate—amounting, indeed, to little more than a renewed guarantee of the possession of Silesia. But Prussia was exhausted, and France had played false; so that Frederick was probably sincere when he said to the agent of Louis XV. that, "weary of playing always double or quits, he had determined to end it, and get into a state of tranquillity, which both himself and his people had such need of."

The European war continued for some time longer; but from 1746 to 1756 Prussia was at peace, and Frederick occupied himself with domestic reforms and with literature. It is as to his achievements under the former of these heads that we find Mr. Carlyle's work rather meagre and disappointing. We could have spared much of an irrelevant digression about the doings of Voltaire and his "divine Emilie" in France, in favour of an account of what Frederick accomplished as a legislator and an administrator. "Dry-as-dust" may have "noted the details and stuffed them into blind sacks, for forty years;" but these things are none the less worthy the attention of an historian. As, however, our author has not thought that such matters demanded more than cursory notice, it must suffice to say generally that under the King's direction vigorous measures were taken for accelerating the administration of justice, for bringing the finances into order, and for the encouragement of industrial enterprises. To this period belongs the memorable last visit of Voltaire to the Prussian court. The whole story of that visit, and of the final rupture between the King and his literary Mentor, is admirably told, and will no doubt be thought by many the most interesting portion of the present volume. It need scarcely be said that Voltaire fares rather hardly, for his faults

were just those upon which Mr. Carlyle has no mercy, and his merits were those by which Mr. Carlyle sets small store. Beyond this slight protest, however, we have no desire to undertake his defence, for we have no doubt that in the quarrel with Frederick he was very substantially in the wrong. For some time after his arrival at Berlin, all seems to have gone on very much as on the occasion of his former visits. Voltaire was *fêted* and courted, and had his vanity amply propitiated; but at last he became implicated in some rather questionable financial transactions with a Jew named Hirsch. These resulted in a lawsuit which evidently disgusted the King extremely. In the beginning of 1751 we have a letter to Voltaire, sternly remonstrating with the latter, not only on his conduct in this financial matter, but on his execrable temper and his "passion for caballing and intriguing." Four "lamenting and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining letters" from Voltaire probably belong to this period, and show him in a sufficiently abject state of mind. This first storm, however, apparently blew over; the Frenchman resumed his place at court, and went on with the work of correcting his Royal friend's poetry. But his irritability and vanity involved him in perpetual differences with those about the King, while his jealousy of Maupertuis, the President of the Berlin Academy, gradually became ungovernable. At last the explosion came. Maupertuis engaged in a controversy with König, the mathematician, and got decidedly the worst of it. Thereupon Voltaire, unable to resist the temptation of exposing a man whom he disliked and despised, wrote an anonymous account of the dispute to a French newspaper. The King, jealous of the honour of his Berlin academy, replied in another anonymous letter. To this Voltaire retorted by writing his well known "Doctor Akakia," of which Smelfungus says that "it is one of the famous feats of satirical pyrotechny—only too pleasant to the corrupted sons of Adam." This work he appears to have read to the King in MS., promising at the same time that it should never be printed. Printed and published, however, it was in Holland. In vain Voltaire protested that he had been the victim of accident and treachery. The King neither believed him nor concealed his disbelief; but at the same time he refused to accept Voltaire's resignation of the gold key of chamberlain and the order of merit. "Akakia," however, was burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and soon afterwards Voltaire left Berlin under pretence of visiting Dresden to look after some printing. Once out of Prussia, he resumed his attacks on Maupertuis. These seem to have annoyed and perhaps somewhat alarmed Frederick, who recollected that Voltaire had in his possession a copy of those "thrice-private 'Euvres de Poesie,' in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head." It was easy to see what mischief might be done with such materials by an unscrupulous man. Nor, as Mr. Carlyle observes, was the idea by any means a chimerical one, since this very book was afterwards surreptitiously published at Paris during the seven years' war (not, however, by Voltaire), in order to sow dissensions between its author and the King of England. The account of what followed we will quote from Mr. Carlyle, because it is no doubt the true version of a transaction which Voltaire has distorted and exaggerated in the freest manner:—

"'We will have those articles back,' thinks Friedrich; 'that *Euvre* most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there.' And has (directly on those new 'firings through portholes' at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly."

"Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward, had his official person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire's arrival,—and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag's hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give up what of the articles he had about him;—the *Euvre*, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest ('*Parole d'honneur*;' in the *Lion-d'Or* Hotel here!) till said *Euvre* should come up. Under Fredersdorf's guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his reviews."

"In the course of two weeks or more, the *Euvre de Poésie* did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not;—poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire's urgencies: 'I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), 'All right,' you are that moment at liberty!' This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over,—but he was not strong in those qualities!"

"Voltaire's arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honour, 'I promise, on my honour, not to go beyond the garden of this inn.' But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honour; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney-coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag's terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time; and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough;—street-mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too,—the matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!"

"On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as expected; answer (as to the old score): 'All right; let him go!' But to punctual Freytag's mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty's arrest, in such insolent loud manner:—and Freytag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, 'Let him go, let him go,' there have to be

* History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. IV. London: Chapman & Hall.

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writings and re-writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

"This is authentically the world-famous Frankfurt Affair;—done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Prussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf."

The concluding book of this volume is devoted to the first campaign of the Seven Years' War. Frederick's conduct in entering into that war has often been severely commented upon; and not without apparent reason. It undoubtedly bears the aspect of an unprovoked aggression upon Saxony; nor is it surprising that those who were ignorant of the real facts should have accused him of seeking to turn the breaking out of a new conflict between France and England to his own account by repeating in another quarter his annexation of Silesia. But it appears to us that Mr. Carlyle's vindication of his hero on this point is complete. There is no reason to believe that Frederick was otherwise than perfectly sincere in signing the peace of Dresden. He gained by it what he desired, a renewed guarantee for the possession of Silesia; with that he was quite content; and to that the Austrian Court ought faithfully to have adhered. But Maria Theresa clung with unreasoning obstinacy and perverse faithlessness to the idea of recovering Silesia. Before many years were over, she was plotting with the King of Saxony and the Czarina of Russia the spoliation of Prussia. Through the treachery of one Menzel, an *employé* in the Foreign Office of Dresden, Frederick obtained irrefragable proofs of these designs. For nearly four years before the rupture between England and France, he had been fully aware of the plans of the confederates, and had been watching against any attempt to put them in operation. The moment had now arrived. Through the influence of Kaunitz, Austria had deserted the old English alliance, and had become reconciled to France. When war should break out between France and England, it was therefore sufficiently clear what was likely to happen. France would attack Hanover; and, in return for the assistance, or at all events the acquiescence, of Austria, Russia, and Saxony in that design, Prussia would be left to their tender mercies. On the principal author of this combination, Smelfungus has a note which is worth reading:—

"One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz: one catches evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic element, and how to rule it and impose on it. Traits there are of human cunning, shrewdness of eye;—of the loftiest silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of determination,—but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous human wisdom whatever. One asks, Where is his wisdom? Enumerate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating. What he contrived that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No to? All silent! A man to give one thoughts. Sits like a God-Brahma, human idol of gilt crockery, with nothing in the belly of it (but a portion of boiled chicken daily, very ill-digested); and such a prostrate worship, from those around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly unhappy-looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems to have passed privately an Act of Parliament: 'Kaunitz-Rietberg here, as you see him, is the greatest now alive; he, I privately assure you!'—and, by continued private determination, to have got all men about him to ratify the same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that way with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only instance of it, among ourselves in the later epochs."

"Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally rather turned into the air, till artificially it got altogether turned thither. Rode beautifully; but always under cover; day by day, under glass roof in the riding-school, so many hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, or dreaded, fresh-air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble lover of it, would always good-humouredly hasten to shut her windows when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers, soirees, he had; the pink of Nature assembling in his house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, of all the Vienna Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; glancing stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of nothings,—happy the nothing to whom he would deign a word, and make him something. Oh my friends!—In short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France on its, and brought them to the kissing pitch. Pompadour and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like Righteousness and—not Peace, at any rate! 'Ma chère Cousine,' could I have believed it, at one time?"

Kaunitz, however, with all his ability, did not anticipate the course which his intended victim took with characteristic boldness, and, we think also, with characteristic sagacity and prudence. Having received information that camps were forming and preparations for war were making in Bohemia and Moravia, the King of Prussia addressed to the Court of Vienna a peremptory demand for an explanation of its intentions. On receiving an answer of a studiously evasive character, he immediately summoned his generals, and laid before them the principal documents which he had obtained from the Saxon archives:—

"They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another;—and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, 'after a silence of everybody for some minutes,'—bursts out like one inspired: 'If War is to be and must be, let us start to-morrow; seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny country, form magazines for our operations on Bohemia!'"

That had been Frederick's own design. It was promptly executed, and towards the end of August the Prussian army crossed the Saxon border in three columns. The first campaign was signalized by the battle of Lobositz, and by the surrender of the Saxon army in their camp at Pirna. At its close, Saxony was

at the mercy of the King of Prussia, who spent the winter in the palace of Dresden. Frederick, however, was not deceived by the ease of this conquest. He knew that in the next year he would have both the Austrians and the Russians, perhaps the French also, on his hands. And in the hour of triumph he occupied himself with drawing up elaborate and confidential instructions, to be followed by his ministers in the event of disaster.

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.*

TERCENTENARY literature is rapidly springing up under the stimulus of the approaching festival. Much of this is purely ephemeral; but the prevailing excitement has given birth to one or two works of real value and permanent interest. Of such was the volume of "Life Portraits of Shakespeare," by Mr. Hain Friswell, noticed in these columns two months ago; and the cognate work of Mr. Jephson now under notice is worthy of equal praise. In some respects, Mr. Jephson goes over the same ground as Mr. Friswell. Both books present us with photographs of the bust at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's house in Henley-street, and Ann Hathaway's cottage. But Mr. Jephson does not, like Mr. Friswell, concern himself mainly with the portraits of the poet: his purpose is more to reproduce, by the faithful service of the sun-pencil, the haunts which Shakespeare has made interesting for ever, and to gossip, in a pleasant and intelligent manner, on the facts of Shakespeare's life, the characteristics of his genius, and the features of his native town and its surrounding glades. This he has fully accomplished, and the result is a very charming book. The photographic pictures are exquisite specimens of the art—an art rapidly improving in delicacy, effect, and feeling; the letter-press is written in the spirit of a true Shakespearian; and the rich binding of green and gold, with the poet's arms and crest on the cover, worthily encloses the whole. It is a book for the drawing-room table, with more matter in it than drawing-room-table books generally possess.

Mr. Jephson found himself, at the close of last summer, with a little leisure on his hands, and, resolving to take a holiday, was incited by his publisher to go and have a look at Stratford-on-Avon, and write something about it for the coming Tercentenary. Accordingly, he started on the 31st of last August, and rode the whole distance in about three days, mounted on a stout Norwegian pony, and accompanied by his dog. The first chapter of his book gives an agreeable description of his pilgrimage by the pleasant groves and parks of Hertfordshire, and through the midland counties, to the bourne which he had in view. He entered Stratford by "the beautiful old bridge built over the Avon by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VIII.," and which "consists of fourteen slightly-pointed arches, and is nearly, if not quite, level." The general appearance of the town disappointed him. It has very little look of antiquity, and shows no signs of wealth. Mr. Jephson describes it as for the most part a collection of mean houses, with an ugly market-house at the upper extremity, on the site of the old cross, destroyed between sixty and seventy years ago. However, he found two or three old dwellings, besides that which attracts the eyes of the whole civilized world. One of these, over a glover's shop—such a glover's shop as John Shakespeare may have kept—is photographed in the present work; and a charming, picturesque bit of old timber-work, with quarterings, and trusses, and carvings ("the flower-de-luce being one"), and peaked roof, and latticed windows, it is. Another ancient house is the Shakespeare Inn, at which Mr. Jephson put up. Here the various rooms, by a pretty device of the landlord, who seems to take a real interest in the poet, are distinguished by the names of Shakespeare's plays. The commercial-room is "The Tempest;" the coffee-room, "As You Like It;" and Mr. Jephson slept in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." How such names sound in the mouths of the chambermaids, rattled about in the ordinary wear and tear of business, may be a question; but probably there are numbers also. The house, however, is worthy of its name. "Busts of the poet are placed on every lobby, and the walls are hung with portraits of himself and illustrations of his works. A curious old clock, said to have been taken from New Place, and various articles of ancient furniture with which his name is connected, are to be seen in different parts of the house." Truly, this is a hostelry with some soul in it.

The birth-place of Shakespeare himself—the house beyond all other houses in the eyes of an Englishman—has recently been isolated by pulling down the adjoining tenements in order that there shall be the less danger from fire. The illustrious dwelling has been repaired, and to some extent, we regret to say, "smartened," by the trustees. Mr. Jephson not unnaturally objects to anything in the way of mere adornment; but he trusts that "a few years' exposure to the weather may tone down the 'neat' look of the house in Henley-street." Still, the house is substantially the one in which Shakespeare passed his youth, and in every chamber we see the very stones and timber which he beheld. Mr. Jephson writes:—

"The first room I entered was in that part of the building which had been a butcher's shop, and which, I believe, was the residence of John Shakespeare. It seemed to be a sort of hall, or outer kitchen, paved with unshapely flags. The great old fire-place is supported by

* Shakespeare: His Birthplace, Home, and Grave. A Pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in the Autumn of 1863. By the Rev. J. M. Jephson, B.A., F.S.A. With Photographic Illustrations by Ernest Edwards, B.A. A Contribution to the Tercentenary Commemoration of the Poet's Birth. London: Lovell Reeve & Co.

immense stone jambs, and the ceiling by a ponderous beam. Opening out of this is a better room, probably the keeping-room, or, as it is called in Yorkshire, the 'house-place.' This, too, is paved with flags, and supported by beams. The fire-place is massive, and under its projecting jambs are cosy chimney corners, where, doubtless, young Shakespeare, seated on a settle, many a time conned his lessons of a winter's evening, or read in Holinshed, or roasted crabs for the lambs' wool, or, perhaps, dried himself after one of his raids upon a neighbouring park or warren. Beyond this are two smaller rooms, which were probably bed-chambers; and beyond them, again, some more rooms, which, there seems every reason to believe, formed part of the other adjoining house, and which are not shown. Upstairs is the bed-chamber in which tradition asserts the great poet to have been born; and tradition is probably right, for it is the best chamber in the house, and therefore probably appropriated to the mistress on such an occasion."

The garden at the back of the house is laid out with gravel walks, and contains some carved stones taken from the ruins of New Place. Mr. Jephson mentions a scheme which was at one time entertained, of planting the garden exclusively with flowers and herbs mentioned in Shakespeare's works. He thinks it would be impossible to carry out the idea thoroughly, yet that it might be done in part; and he suggests the placing of labels about the plants, containing illustrative passages from the poet. This would certainly give us a garden full of suggestive beauty.

Having sufficiently inspected the house, our author proceeded to view the Grammar School in Chapel-street, where the boy Shakespeare picked up his "small Latin and less Greek." In connection with this seminary, Mr. Jephson bids us take note that the master in 1580, when Shakespeare was an observant lad of sixteen, was one Thomas Jenkins, doubtless a Welshman, and perhaps the prototype of Sir Hugh Evans. From the Grammar School the tourist made his way over fields and stiles to the little village of Shottery, where Ann Hathaway resided, and where the very cottage yet remains to which Shakespeare went a-courting:—

"It was once obviously a substantial farm-house, much superior to that of John Shakespeare in Henley-street, though, like it, built of wooden frames filled in with wattle and dab on foundations of stone. In modern times brick has been in some places substituted where the stone has become decayed. The roof is thatched, I think with reeds. It is now divided into two cottages, and Mrs. Baker, a pleasing respectable-looking woman, who believes herself to be related to the Hathaways, lives in a portion of it. She is proud of her connexion with the poet—an honour which she appreciates the more, perhaps, as it brings her in many a shilling from the pilgrims who flock to see the house. She willingly shows the inside of her dwelling, and several pieces of old furniture which, as she avers, have descended to her from her ancestors. If so, and there is no reason to doubt the fact, they may very possibly have been used by young Shakespeare when he was courting his future wife. A flight of steps leads into a large keeping-room or hall, where under the great old chimney may have sat Shakespeare and his love, in the days of his extreme youth when Love is stone-blind."

In a bed-chamber upstairs are an old oak bed and a pair of beautifully worked sheets and pillow-cases, which Mrs. Baker says have been in the family from time immemorial, and are used on grand occasions. They are marked "Elizabeth Hathaway;" but Mr. Jephson prudently refrains from committing himself to any opinion as to their age. The house also contains several old oak chests, chairs, and settles. Charlecote Park, the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy (Justice Shallow), and the scene of the famous deer-stealing exploit, pleased Mr. Jephson greatly. The park is noble, "interspersed with fine oaks and elms, and intersected by the broad, clear Avon, which flows quietly, but not sluggishly, along." The mansion, which was built in 1558, the year of Queen Elizabeth's accession, and was therefore a new house in Shakespeare's days, is a grand specimen of the stately Tudor architecture of England. Unfortunately, the adjoining church is a modern structure, though containing the old monuments. Mr. Jephson, of course, also went to see New Place, which is now merely a ruin of the house built by the malevolent parson, Mr. Gastrell, on the site of Shakespeare's residence, which he wantonly pulled down; and he wound up his trip by a visit to the beautiful old parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare must often have worshipped, and where the font remains in which he was probably baptized. The celebrated bust our author inclines to think the best portrait of the poet that we have. It is generally objected to the work of Gerard Johnson that the face is not poetical enough for such a man; but Mr. Jephson is rather ostentatiously of opinion that Shakespeare did not look very like a poet,—that he had nothing of the "fine frenzy" about him,—that, upon the whole, he looked like "the honest, manly, unsentimental Englishman—the typical John Bull." We have no doubt there was as little "sentimentalism" in his appearance as in his writings; but we cannot accept the John Bull type as the standard of Shakespearean genius. There must have been more sensitiveness, more thought, more latent passion, in the visage of him who ranged through all forms of human character, from Othello to Sir John Falstaff, from Prospero to Dogberry, from Lady Macbeth to Imogen. Irritated, possibly, at foolish attempts to idealize a great human being, Mr. Jephson goes into the other extreme, and seeks to drag him down to the level of a mere country gentleman, chiefly interested in crops and hounds. This is surely a more mischievous error than the one which provoked it, because it implies a wilful preference for a mean standard. The English country gentleman has many admirable qualities; but he has certainly not the making of a Shakespeare in him. Shake-

speare himself was not Shakespeare till he came to London, and rubbed off the sluggishness of Stratford.

With regard to the Tercentenary, Mr. Jephson suggests that the best memorial to the greatest of dramatists would be the founding of a theatre in which his dramas could be acted without alteration, and a school of acting be maintained. For ourselves, we should be glad to see such an institution; but we doubt whether the practical English people would not look upon it as an attempt to thrust Shakespeare down their throats, and refuse to receive him after such a fashion.

THE WORKS OF THEODORE PARKER.*

SOME curious pictures of American life, painted by an American hand, are to be found in this seventh volume of the collected works of Theodore Parker. Such titles as "A Sermon of the Perishing Classes in Boston,"—"A Sermon of the Dangerous Classes in Society,"—"A Sermon of Poverty," &c., sound more like the discourses of some European preacher, uttered in the midst of our Old World overcrowding, misery, and crime, than the utterances of an American clergyman, placed under all the advantages of a new and untrammelled order of society. In "A Sermon of Merchants" we read that the police "can tell of the direful crime to which necessity sometimes drives women" (he is speaking more especially of poor needlewomen) "whom honest labour cannot feed!" Truly, this is repeating in the New World all the worst wretchedness of the Old. But there are other features of Massachusetts life as bad. The haggard, hungry, half-naked, wholly ignorant, dirty, and criminal street child of London and other large European towns—the most dolorous and appalling product of our defective civilization—repeats himself with terrible similarity in the public ways of Boston. "It appears from the late census," says Theodore Parker in his "Sermon of the Perishing Classes" (1846), "that there are 4,948 children between four and fifteen who attend no school." This in the capital of the State founded by the Pilgrim Fathers! The preacher did not assume that all these children were criminals; but doubtless a large number of them were. In what does the condition of these children differ from that of children similarly placed in Europe? How is their fate modified by the political forms under which they live? The unhappy truth is that there is no distinction. The Boston outcast child, like the outcast child of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Paris, is hungry and abandoned, and he thieves. He is sent to prison and becomes a gaol-bird; he grows up into a professional felon, and perhaps in the end is hanged. The overcrowding in the low parts of Boston is said to be worse than in London, Liverpool, Paris, or Naples; and all the physical and moral evils—all the disease and utter corruption of body and soul—are developed in the same proportion. "In the quarters inhabited mainly by the poor," says Theodore Parker, "you find a filthiness and squalor which would astonish a stranger. The want of comfort, of air, of water, is terrible. Cold is a stern foe in our winters; but in these places I am told that men suffer more from want of water in summer than want of fire in winter." This particular evil, it is added in a note, has since been remedied, and the poorest parts of the city have now a cheap and abundant supply of water. Further on, we read of the cruel contrast presented by the rich and luxurious to the poverty-stricken and desperate:—

"In the midst of all this, what wonder is it if they [the poor] feel desirous of revenge; what wonder that stores and houses are broken into, and stables set on fire! Such is the natural effect of misery like that; it is but the voice of our brother's blood crying to God against us all. I wonder not that it cries in robbery and fire. The gaol and the gallows will not still that voice, nor silence the answer. I wonder at the fewness of crimes, not their multitude."

Who would not suppose that this was a description of some old city of Europe, heir to all the social inequalities, all the ignorance and selfishness, all the entangling responsibilities, of mediæval feudalism? Who could imagine that he was reading an American account of an American city—a city not over-peopled, having its fate in its own hands, oppressed by no privileged classes, commencing on a clear modern stage, without any of the transmitted evils of an older civilization? Yet we have not seen all the dismal picture:—

"Let me follow the children of the poor a step further—I mean to the gaol. Few men seem aware of the frightful extent of crime amongst us, and the extent of the remedy, more awful yet. In less than one year, namely, from the 9th of June, 1845, to the 2nd of June, 1846, there were committed to your House of Correction, in this city, 1,228 persons, a little more than one out of every fifty-six in the whole population that is more than ten years old. Of these 377 were women; 851 men. Five were sentenced for an indefinite period, and forty-seven for an additional period of solitary imprisonment. In what follows I make no account of that. But the whole remaining period of their sentences amounts to more than 544 years, or 198,568 days. In addition to this, in the year ending with June 9, 1846, we sent from Boston to the State Prison thirty-five more, and for a period of 18,595 days, of which 205 were solitary. Thus it appears that the illegal and convicted crime of Boston, in one year, was punished by imprisonment for 217,163 days. Now as Boston contains but 114,366 persons of all ages, and only 69,112 that are over ten years of age, it follows that the imprisonment of citizens of Boston for crime in one year, amounts to more than one day and twenty-one

* The Collected Works of Theodore Parker. Edited by Frances Power Cobbe. Vol. VII. Discourses of Social Science. London: Trübner & Co.

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hours, for each man, woman, and child, or to more than three days and three hours, for each one over ten years of age. This seems beyond belief, yet in making the estimate, I have not included the time spent in gaol before sentence; I have left out the solitary imprisonment in the House of Correction; I have said nothing of the 169 children sentenced for crime to the House of Reformation in the same period.

"What is the effect of this punishment on society at large? I will not now attempt to answer that question. What is it on the criminals themselves? Let the gaol-books answer. Of the whole number, 202 were sentenced for the second time; 131 for the third; 101 for the fourth; 38 for the fifth; 40 for the sixth; 29 for the seventh; 23 for the eighth; 12 for the ninth; 50 for the tenth time, or more; and of the criminals punished for the tenth time, thirty-one were women! Of the thirty-five sent to the State prison, fourteen had been there before; of the 1,228 sent to the House of Correction, only 626 were sent for the first time."

The most bitter enemy of the United States and their institutions could not draw up a more terrible impeachment than this. Yet it should be recollected that a large part of the evil is thrust upon America by the Old World—is manufactured there, and vomited upon the shores of the Western Republic. The poor, diseased, and depraved classes of Boston, New York, and other American cities, are mostly of Irish origin—to a great extent of Irish birth. If it be a fair reproof to American boasting that "the model Republic" cannot at once convert all this dross to gold, it is but fair to remember that the difficulty is immense, and that it is not of Transatlantic origin. Indeed, we think that Theodore Parker was unduly severe on his fellow-townsmen in denouncing them as guilty of a great sin in allowing such a state of things to continue. Wherever large towns exist—wherever wealth accumulates in great masses—there will be the accompanying shadow of poverty, and with poverty there will be crime. It is not a social sin so much as a social misfortune. We have not yet discovered the science of distribution. The world, on the whole, is greatly under-peopled; most nations are under-peopled; but particular seats of industry suffer from a congestion. It was natural in a man of strong, noble sympathies, like Theodore Parker, and more especially in a preacher, who is bound to hold up a high moral standard to his followers, and to reprove them if they fall short of ideal perfection, to attribute much of these evils to individual selfishness; and doubtless some portion is remediable by better laws and by personal efforts. But, after all, the major part of the misery remains, and will remain until we have discovered how to distribute population with greater reference to the necessities of the earth.

Of the nine discourses in this volume, most are on melancholy subjects. The most cheerful is "An Address delivered at Waterville, August 8, 1849," on "The Position and Duties of the American Scholar." The writer complains that American literature does not sufficiently show its native growth—that it is little better than a feeble imitation of the literature of England. The charge seems to us scarcely just. Writing in the English language, American authors are necessarily to a great extent English authors; yet they are not without a strong distinctive mark. Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Poe, Holmes, and others, could not have been produced on this side of the Atlantic. They have the freshness and individuality of a young State in their thoughts and their manner. They have added a domain to English literature, in which the vegetation of the North and of the tropics seems to mingle. They have inherited all the ancient wealth of our tongue, and are using it with the impulse and energy—often with the audacity, extravagance, and wilful defiance—of youth.

But Theodore Parker would seem to have desired more than this. He appears to have thought that American authors should be always smacking of the soil, and nothing but the soil. Their allusions should be local. They should speak only of American prairies, mountains, rivers, and vegetation; American battles and heroisms, American ideas and prospects. To chant of palm-trees instead of hickories, is base imitation; to give a thought to Marathon is treason to Bunker's Hill. He would have had American authors purely American, in the same way that Homer was Ionian, and David Hebrew. We cannot but think that he ran into an excess of national zeal, and that it is well for his literary countrymen that they have not fallen into the same error. Had they done so, a weak and childish egotism must have been the result. In very primitive ages, literature is naturally stamped with the features of the particular locality in which each particular work was produced, for the writer knew little else. That a certain intense, vivid, and personal character is thus obtained we do not deny; and it is no doubt true that such works have a power and beauty peculiar to themselves. But American authorship is only the newest branch of a literature already old, highly-cultivated, and pervaded by a cosmopolitan spirit—after all, the noblest, loftiest, and profoundest spirit. Until Americans have invented a language for themselves, their literature must of necessity be mainly European; and European literature has its roots in certain broad and general soils—the two chief being the classical and the Teutonic. English poetry, even in its spring-time, had in it more of a foreign element than of a native. Chaucer drew his inspiration from Breton legends, from Norman minstrels, from Provençal troubadours, and from Italian poets. Spenser was half Italian, half classical. Even Shakespeare was more southern than northern. The sun of Tuscany is constantly stealing over his pages; the gods and demi-gods of Arcadia riot in his landscapes. Milton, again, was Hebrew and Greek—not essentially English. The essentially English poets are of a very poor rank. That American authors

should show some traces of the land that bore them is but right; but if they were always harping on the Mississippi and Bunker's Hill, they would become sheer nuisances to civilization. National egotism is as bad as personal egotism; and American writers, from the peculiar position of their country and the large promise of their future, are specially adapted to give expression to the universal.

The sermon on "The Chief Sins of the People," delivered on Fast Day, April 10th, 1851, is particularly interesting at the present time. It describes, among other things, the giving up of the fugitive slave, Thomas Sims, to his Southern pursuers, under the act for the rendition of those miserable beings. The agony of wrath and shame and sorrow that convulsed the whole nature of Theodore Parker at the sight of the poor wretch led back through Boston streets to chains, whips, and branding irons, and at the spectacle of Boston itself under military law to prevent a rescue, finds fierce expression in this discourse. We may say that at times the eloquence looks like rant. Seated in our own quiet rooms, without any of the excitement of the event to influence our minds, we may occasionally almost smile at particular expressions. But there can be no doubt of the terrible earnestness of the preacher; and when he summons up all the most sanguinary tyrants of the world—Herod, Nero, Torquemada, Judge Jeffries—and then dismisses them, saying they were too good to associate with the villain who, in free Boston, and with all the lights of nineteenth century civilization and American liberty, sold Thomas Sims back to slavery for a miserable ten dollars, it is impossible to doubt that the effect amongst those who heard it must have been like the advance of a billow of flame over the dry prairie grass. It is such words of fire as these which inaugurate revolutions, and make dead nations live once more.

HOTTENTOT LITERATURE.*

It is a remarkable fact that even amongst the very wildest and most barbarous nations we often find, in addition to other signs of what may be termed a certain rough and crude civilization considerable literary pretensions. Not only have all or most of the numerous savage tribes inhabiting different parts of the globe their own national poetry in the shape of war and hunting-songs or lovers' ditties, but many of them have likewise a kind of prose literature, consisting of fables, fairy tales, historical legends, and proverbs. What is still more singular and noteworthy, some of these bear considerable affinity to the fables and myths, or fairy lore, of the European and Asiatic nations, even to those of the more northern countries, with the inhabitants of which, one would suppose, the natives of Southern Africa and its vicinity could have had little or no intercourse. Whether these tales and fables had all one common origin, or whether one nation is indebted to another for the importation of this species of literature, is too extensive and complicated a question to be entered upon here; but, as we frequently perceive striking resemblances in language, manners, habits, religious observances, and traditional literature, between the inhabitants of two or more countries in two parts of the world very remote from each other, we may conclude that these stories are wafted from region to region, and from people to people, as the wind scatters seeds, and sometimes plants, to very distant and far-removed places. The book now under notice is a collection of Hottentot fables and tales, taken principally from Sir George Grey's library, and now given to the reading public in one small volume, with the title of "Reynard the Fox in South Africa." The narrator or compiler informs us that a very great similarity exists between the signs of gender in the Hottentot and Coptic tongues, and that, after careful study, he found that both the Coptic and Semitic, and all the other African languages in which the distinction of the masculine and feminine genders is observed throughout the whole grammar, are of the same family, as are also all those dialects in Europe and Asia, as well as Africa, which are known by the name of Sex-denoting languages. Of these, the root has been more closely retained in the Hottentot language than in any other.

"Some questions of no trifling importance and interest," says Mr. Bleek, in a prefatory letter to Sir George Grey, to whom he acknowledges his obligations in the compilation of the present work, "are raised by the appearance of such an unlooked-for mine of literary lore, particularly as to the originality of these fables. . . . But, whatever may be the ultimate result of such inquiries—whether it will confirm our idea of the originality and antiquity of the main portion of these Hottentot fables, and consequently stamp them with the character of the oldest and most primitive literary remains of the old mother tongue of the Sex-denoting nations, or whether they have only sprung up recently among the Hottentots from foreign seed; in either case the disposition of the Hottentots to the enjoyment of such fables, and their easy growth on this arid soil, be it their native or adopted one, shows a much greater congeniality between the Hottentot and European mind than we find between the latter and any of the black races of Africa."

Mr. Bleek's compilation includes "seven ghost stories, four accounts of men or animals, eleven other household tales, one legend, and one fable." They are, as we have already said, mostly taken from manuscripts in Sir George Grey's library, which have been furnished to his Excellency by the Rev. G. Krönlein, Rhenish missionary at Beersbea, Great Namaqualand, and H. C. Knudsen,

* Reynard the Fox in South Africa; or, Hottentot Fables and Tales. Chiefly translated from Original MSS. in the Library of his Excellency Sir George Grey, K.C.B. By W. H. I. Bleek, Ph.D. London: Trübner & Co.

in his "Notes on the Hottentots." The former are all in the Hottentot language; but in the latter the tales are given in German. A few stories in the present collection are copied from Sir James Alexander's "Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa," and one or two other sources. The translations from the Hottentot are for the most part faithful to the originals, but not quite literal, a few slight alterations and omissions having been found necessary to make the fables readable for the general public. They unite, in a great measure, the characteristic features of Æsop's old Greek fables, and those belonging to the more modern fairy tales of Northern and Central Europe. Some of them are simple, quaint, and amusing, and, though not highly imaginative, have nevertheless a dash of sly and quiet humour running through them, while others are, to our thinking, very stupid and meaningless, and totally devoid of the slightest wisdom or moral. We have only space to quote a few of the shortest, which will probably interest our readers as specimens of Hottentot literature. The main incident in the following legend of "The White Man and the Snake" closely resembles the trick at the commencement of the well-known Arabian Nights' story of "The Fisherman and the Genie," which the former played off upon the latter, and by which he saved his life. Two versions of the fable are given. We quote the second, that being the shortest:—

"A Dutchman was walking by himself, and saw a Snake lying under a large stone. The Snake implored his help; but when she had become free, she said, 'Now I shall eat you.'

"The Man answered, 'That is not right. Let us first go to the Hare.'

"When the Hare had heard the affair, he said, 'It is right.' 'No,' said the Man, 'let us ask the Hyena.'

"The Hyena declared the same, saying, 'It is right.'

"Now let us at last ask the Jackal," said the Man in his despair.

"The Jackal answered very slowly and considerably, doubting the whole affair, and demanding to see first the place, and whether the Man was able to lift the stone. The Snake lay down, and the Man, to prove the truth of his account, put the stone again over her.

"When she was fast, the Jackal said, 'Now let her lie there.'"

In the following fable of "Fish Stealing" a parallel may be traced between it and the "Three Crows," in the Brothers Grimm's fairy tales, although the characters are different, and the incidents differently treated:—

"Once upon a time a Jackal, who lived on the borders of the colony, saw a waggon returning from the seaside laden with fish. He tried to get into the waggon from behind, but he could not; he then ran on before, and lay in the road as if dead. The waggon came up to him, and the leader cried to the driver, 'Here is a fine kaross for your wife!'

"Throw it into the waggon," said the driver, and the Jackal was thrown in.

"The waggon travelled on through a moonlight night, and all the while the Jackal was throwing the fish out into the road; he then jumped out himself, and secured a great prize. But a stupid old Hyena coming by, ate more than her share, for which the Jackal owed her a grudge; so he said to her, 'You can get plenty of fish, too, if you lie in the way of a waggon as I did, and keep quite still whatever happens.'

"So!" mumbled the Hyena.

"Accordingly, when the next waggon came from the sea, the Hyena stretched herself out in the road.

"What ugly thing is this?" cried the leader, and kicked the Hyena. He then took a stick and thrashed her within an inch of her life. The Hyena, according to the directions of the Jackal, lay quiet as long as she could; she then got up and hobbled off to tell her misfortune to the Jackal, who pretended to comfort her.

"What a pity," said the Hyena, 'that I have not such a handsome skin as you!'

In the short story of "Which was the Thief?" the jackal is evidently actuated by a similar motive to that which induced Lady Macbeth to smear the faces of King Duncan's slumbering grooms with blood, that she might fix the guilt of her husband's crime upon them:—

"A Jackal and a Hyena went and hired themselves to a man to be his servants. In the middle of the night the Jackal rose and smeared the Hyena's tail with some fat, and then ate all the rest of it which was in the house. In the morning the man missed his fat, and he immediately accused the Jackal of having eaten it.

"Look at the Hyena's tail," said the rogue, 'and you will see who is the thief.' The man did so, and then thrashed the Hyena till she was nearly dead."

WYLDER'S HAND.*

"WYLDER'S HAND" is a remarkable work. To the genuine lovers of fiction, who are influenced less by names than by works, it will be eminently attractive. It may be said to be from beginning to end a mass of mysteries—some of a natural or ordinary kind, growing out of the development of character and the progress of the story; others of a supernatural order, weird, legendary, at times ghastly. There are no less than three or four families all more or less connected, whose doings with each other form the skeleton of this story—the Wylders, Lakes, and Brandons, and another branch, ennobled, the Chelfords; all, as we said, connected, from the most ancient times down to the present year of

* Wylder's Hand. A Novel. By Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, Author of "The House by the Churchyard." London: Bentley.

grace, by marriages; all tracing up to what must have been in remote antiquity a common ancestry; all possessed of large estates in one district; beggaring and enriching each other by turns; a family feud or a wedding distinguishing, for the most part, each generation alternately. To drive such a "four-in-hand" as the concurrence of these families suggests, requires no common skill. It is not a little pony phaeton story, conveying merely the author and reader and one or two characters; but here we have a complete team, and a coach full of passengers inside and out—as many as we can possibly do with. But Mr. Le Fanu, we are bound to say, carries us on with skill, rapidity, and safety, to our journey's end. In the opening of the narrative, Mark Wylder, who, as a poor lieutenant, had been some years at sea, finds himself, by reason of certain unexpected deaths, and by the legal effect of testamentary contingencies, elevated into the condition of a large landed proprietor. The estates of his cousin, Dorcas Brandon, the heiress of the Brandon property, adjoin his own, and, at the very prudent suggestion of the Dowager Lady Chelford, a marriage—but confessedly one of convenience—is arranged between Mark and Dorcas. The so-called lovers, or the affianced couple, are, it is true, civil and kind to each other, exchanging presents and the ordinary tokens of affection under such circumstances; but in truth the lady has given her heart to her other cousin, Stanley Lake, whose sister Rachel is, oddly enough, and secretly, the object of Mark's admiration, and not of his alone, but also of Lord Chelford's. Mark is of rather a rough, coarse, impulsive nature, and, having gone through many troubles and privations in early life by sea and land, is not remarkable for delicacy in speech, or refinement in habits of life. Dorcas is cold, haughty, apathetic, of firm will when once resolved, but kind and deeply affectionate towards Rachel, a girl of an independent cast of mind, high-toned, and of unswerving principles of rectitude; in this respect a contrast to her brother Stanley, who, having been a spoiled and petted child, has grown up a somewhat idle, wild, dissipated youth, and, having sold out of the army, is at present apparently without an object in life. He is aware, however, of Miss Brandon's feelings towards himself; and, although Mark and he were never on very friendly terms, and notwithstanding the impending marriage, he pays a visit to his sister and the engaged couple, and converses with all, ostensibly at ease and without prejudice against any, but, being a plotter and schemer by instinct, lays his plans accordingly. Mark Wylder is suddenly called away about ten days before the wedding, on a trifling business, to London; and, though letters are immediately afterwards received, from day to day, both by his lawyer and by Lake, at first excusing himself for his unexpected stay, next postponing the marriage, and on a further occasion releasing Dorcas from the engagement, giving Lake power to act for him in pecuniary matters, and so forth, no really satisfactory reason is assigned for his long-continued absence. Rumours reach the ear of his solicitor of a former clandestine marriage, of a dishonourable transaction at cards which necessitates his temporary absence, and of other matters supposed to be possibly productive of the same result. But still letters frequently, though at irregular periods, come to hand relating to the management of his property, and even one curtly expressing his acquiescence in the contemplated union between Stanley and Dorcas, which is, it may be added, finally celebrated, to the great discomfiture of Lady Chelford's projects. In the meantime, Rachel's life, which was once all tranquillity and happiness, has become overclouded with fears, anxieties, miseries. Conversations, dark and only half intelligible, and fragmentary scenes of a painfully mysterious character, take place between her and her brother; she becomes estranged from Dorcas, and both from Stanley, the only being whom either had ever loved, the unhappy wife, being now made aware that some strange and important secret exists between brother and sister of which she is not permitted to partake. The Rev. W. Wylder, Mark's brother, and his affairs, at this juncture of the story, proceed to occupy the work in considerable force, and contribute not a little to the general *mélée*; while his honourable and affectionate nature, imposed on at all sides, the simplicity of his wife Dolly, and the pathetic circumstances in which their only treasure, little "Fairy," is presented to the reader, are felt as a relief to the complicated rascalities of other characters both within and without the circle of this singular family. The sanctimonious lawyer, Larkin's cautious and painfully executed attempts to keep in favour both with Wylder and Lake; his self-interested endeavours to elucidate the mystery of Mark's disappearance, which defies his efforts; and his extreme solicitude to ruin the poor rector, and obtain a slice of the Brandon property, we cannot, without disclosing the final issue of his various schemes, which would be imprudent, give any more in detail. It is sufficient to add, that the work is not of an ordinary character. The story is well conceived, powerfully sustained, and thoroughly wrought up, not only in its main features, but its minor accessories.

LLOYD PENNANT: A TALE OF THE WEST.*

THE Irish rebellion in 1798, the invasion of Ireland by General Hoche, the battle of Ballinamuck, and the general hostilities carried on by England and France, are events commemorated in these volumes, as connected with the chequered career of a pair of true lovers, unalterably faithful and affectionate. Lloyd Pennant,

* Lloyd Pennant: a Tale of the West. By Ralph Neville. London: Chapman & Hall.

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"a distinguished officer at twenty-three, having no cares, and abundance of money always at his disposal," finds himself—his frigate being at anchor in a neighbouring bay—on a visit to Colonel Blake, of Dunseverick Castle, on the west coast of Ireland, for the purpose of varying the monotony of sea-life by a little grouse shooting on shore; which visit he owes to the friendly introduction of Harry Bingham, a young naval officer like himself, and nephew to the Colonel Blake to whose hospitable mansion his course is now directed. On his way thither with his servant, he makes the acquaintance of Mike, a poor relation of the Blake family, on whose estates he was considered by the peasantry, being a gentleman by birth, as a sort of privileged person, a keen sportsman, and a first-rate fox-hunter. Kindly received, Pennant is introduced to his friend's sister Kate, who lives with and has been brought up by her uncle, the colonel, as his probable heiress; and each makes an agreeable impression upon the other. Before many days elapse, Pennant intimates to Mike his intention to propose for Kate's hand; but there is some mystery respecting his position and fortune, and he finds it necessary to apply to his mother, then residing in Wales, to explain it. Pending the receipt and exchange of letters between the heads of the families, he becomes acquainted with another mystery in his host's family history, with which his own is intimately, but at that time unknown to himself, connected. In the meantime, that portion of the French squadron destined for the invasion of Ireland which escaped the storm that more than anything beside ruined the expedition, had reached the Irish shore in the neighbourhood of the scenes illustrated in this story, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, disguised, goes on board the commander's ship, but is coldly received by Grouchy, and ordered to be immediately set on shore. This being done, he is compelled to have recourse to concealment, both as regards place and person; and, amongst other disguises, appears as a "chicken-girl" upon the premises of a Mrs. O'Mahoney, who knows his lordship well, and in the very midst of the soldiery sent to apprehend him. His intimacy with the Blake family gives rise to a momentary misunderstanding between Kate and Pennant; while the detection and capture of this unwise and unfortunate patriot lead to the loss by the young officer of his ship, the erasure of his name from the Navy List, and, in conjunction with the machinations of one rascally attorney, and the culpable negligence of another, to countless mishaps and misfortunes, ultimately to the exile and ruin of the hitherto wealthy and prosperous family among whom young Pennant had been recently so cordially received. Unjustly suspected by the Government, having been denounced by the evil-minded attorney before referred to, and under a temporary difficulty with his lady-love, Pennant, taking his mother along with him, escapes to America, where, in the backwoods, he lives for some time concealed. Resolving at last to return and vindicate his character to the English Government, the vessel in which he sails is captured by a French cruiser, and he is thrown into prison. The Blakes, in the interim, are dispossessed of their estate, and reduced to great distress. The Colonel and Kate successively dispose of all their little personal valuables, such as watches, jewellery, &c. The latter vend her drawings and water-colour sketches to hard-hearted picture-dealers and indifferent patrons of that class; but at last a friend or two make their appearance, Pennant is released from captivity, Government is convinced of its mistake, the harpies of the law are compelled to relinquish the spoils obtained only by their iniquitous and unscrupulous proceedings; all the family mysteries on both sides are satisfactorily cleared up, the estates are restored, and the faithful lovers made happy, as they ought to be. The work is constructed with ingenuity and related with spirit; occasional snatches of Irish humour, and the comedy of low life peculiar to Hibernian peasantry and servants, being introduced with considerable effect.

THE INFLUENCE OF REST.*

A PURELY medical treatise, or a course of lectures at the College of Surgeons, would be generally deemed by the reading public the last of all works likely to prove attractive. Even though human ills and their cures are matters of interest in every household, there are few indeed who could be induced to peruse a surgical book, or listen to a series of therapeutical discourses. There are, however, some subjects even in medicine and surgery that, through the eloquence of a lucid exponent, might be listened to not only with profit but even with a distinct amount of pleasure. No one, for example, could properly explain the phenomenon of sleep, even though it involved the discussion of anatomical details and some rather horrifying experiments, without awakening a considerable amount of interest in his listeners. And so, although Mr. Hilton's book is little likely to find its way into other libraries than those of professional surgeons and physicians, the subject is one that cannot fail to yield much matter for attentive reflection. Every one of us has felt the want of rest at some periods of our lives, if but the desire for repose after a fatiguing walk or a day's extraordinary exertion; or it may have been that yearning for deep, long, and continued rest which only the sick and bodily afflicted ever know. But how very few have thought of the value of the prescription that every sensation and feeling was thus inculcating, while thousands have overlooked the efficacy of pain in imperatively

compelling a compliance with the promptings of Nature. Under injury, pain compels the sufferer to seek for rest, and makes its dictates paramount to every social care and necessity; and yet the blessing of rest and repose is seldom valued as it should be, for the periods of rest and sleep are not mere earthly solaces, but are the intervals during which Nature repairs those powers which have suffered exhaustion—periods during which bodily strength is renovated, and mental vigour restored. Repair is but the repetition of growth, and, if the human body be regarded as a constantly consuming fire that periodically damps its own conflagration by the very products of its combustion, we shall the more clearly understand how, in the suspended animal activity during sleep, the beautiful fabric of man is benefited and refreshed—restored, in fact, to normal perfection after its daily wear, and so causing the resumption of labour to be enjoyed with all the delightful vigour of a new existence.

The value and efficiency of rest Mr. Hilton has seized upon as his theme, and he urges the power of "natural therapeutics" in the cure of surgical diseases, and the important claims of rest, physiological as well as mechanical, to the attention of every practical surgeon. The almost universal belief of all mankind, civilized and barbarous, has been in drugs and potions; the almost universal practice of medicine, from Hippocrates to Dr. Sangrado, and from the days of Cervantes to those of Lettsom, has been potion, pill, and knife. With the progressive earnestness of modern practitioners in truth-seeking and cause-seeking, with their utter abandonment of empiricism and quackery, there has been, as might have been expected, a gradually increasing tendency to assist Nature in her repairing and restoring operations, so that the absolute recognition of the extreme value of rest, not only in ordinary diseases, but even in those requiring the aid of surgery, is not a matter of surprise, although it is one for congratulation. Even brute animals show the promptings of Nature in respect to rest, and in periods of suffering endeavour to escape from the observation of man, that the injury may be the more speedily repaired. Amongst our own children we see the same law carried out, and those that sleep much mostly thrive, whilst wakeful, restless children seldom display any of the evidences of active nutrition. As growth thus claims sleep and rest as its helpmates, so does repair in compensating injuries. In the ordinary spheres of life, we see the effects of excessive expenditure of mental energy resulting in nervous and physical exhaustion, in the depression of the spirits, and in the enervation of the body, accompanied by a painful want of self-confidence; and we see, on the other hand, these maladies fully compensated by a period of repose and rest, by the ordinary practice of "going away" to the seaside or the open country—in reality for mental leisure rather than for the popularly so-called "change of air." From the madhouses come the like evidences. All the treatment which governesses, students, clerks, and clergymen—the classes most subject to purely mental derangement—usually require, is rest; "and with rest," says Dr. Hood of Bethlehem, "the most aggravated cases are restored." Taking the same principle, it may be applied to every other organ besides the brain. We find, for example, that the heart overtaken by constant emotional influences or athletic exercises, and thus deprived of its appropriate rest, becomes subject to various alterations in its structures which the microscope reveals; and rest in such cases seems the natural restorative.

If we have an inflamed joint, we apply external anæsthetic fomentations. So, too, we know by experience that if strong poppy or opium fomentations, hemlock or belladonna poultices, or anæsthetic embrocations, are applied outwardly upon the chest in inflammatory conditions of the interior, they give a great amount of relief, through their influence upon the intercostal nerves which come to the surface. "If a joint be inflamed," says Mr. Hilton, "we put a splint on it to keep it at rest. Why not plaster or bandage the chest in cases of pleurisy when the acute mischief has passed off? Surely it would have the tendency to subdue the inflammatory condition by preventing friction between the two opposite pleuritic surfaces." Some of the cases quoted are not a little amusing, and one of the practical lessons taught by the above considerations affords a very good example. If rest be necessary in pleurisy or pneumonia, it is of course very desirable not to allow the patient to talk. To make him or her write every wish upon a slate may seem a small item, and yet it may be the turning-point in the cure; and it proved so in the case to which we refer. A patient received a severe blow upon his chest, and the physician, finding him suffering pain for many days, held a consultation with Mr. Hilton as to the possibility of his ribs being fractured. Mr. Hilton examined the man, but could find no fracture; he observed, however, that the patient had a most worrying wife, and he therefore ordered him to hold his tongue, and to have his chest bandaged; requesting the wife at the same time not to speak to her husband on any account, but to provide him with a slate and pencil to write down all his desires. From that time the man got well. No doubt the pain he had suffered was caused by the constant movement of the bruised parts of the chest and lungs in speaking, and the local rest effected by silence and bandaging produced the cure.

Again, the beneficial effects of a proper degree of local rest in affections of the serous and mucous membranes, especially in ordinary inflammations, are equally evident. Serous membranes are secreting and absorbing organs. If a serous membrane be wounded, coagulable lymph is poured out, and it forms a temporary splint until the original structures repair themselves; in this way the very effusion itself produces local rest in the parts injured, and contributes to the work of reparation, for the effused matter forms

* On the Influence of Mechanical and Physiological Rest in the Treatment of Accidents and Surgical Diseases, and the Diagnostic Value of Pain. By John Hilton, F.R.S. London: Bell & Daldy.

no part of the regenerated tissue, but merely holds the parts together, and keeps them so until their union is perfected, and then this temporary medium is absorbed or otherwise disappears. The larynx, too, affords another illustration. Both the sensitive and the motor nerves of the larynx are derived from the same pneumo-gastric trunk; and hence any irritation existing on the mucous surface of the larynx or the epiglottis induces muscular action in the associated laryngeal muscles. This irritable state of the larynx is usually treated by the local application of powdered nitrate of silver, which is blown into the throat, and the relief is often very complete and speedy, in consequence of the physiological rest which is given to the mucous membrane by reason of the nitrate acting upon the mucus and albumen, forming a solid albuminate of silver, and constituting an adherent temporary covering to the mucous membrane; thus giving it rest by defending it from the atmospheric air, and destroying for a time the nervous irritability and muscular contraction which produce a sense of suffocation.

Hip-joint disease forms another prominent example of the value of rest. It often happens that some of the earliest symptoms are remote from the actual seat of mischief, and the chief reason is that the obturator nerve, which contributes a branch to the *ligamentum teres*, extends a branch to the interior of the knee-joint where a sympathetic pain is produced, and as with this nerve, so with others connected with the hip-joint. Strange as it may seem, these sympathetic pains are so extensive with hip-joint disease that, in little children, the uneasiness proceeding from this cause is often referred to teething, and the gums are scarified and punished unfairly for delinquencies that do not belong to them, while the hip-joint disease is allowed to continue in fatal neglect of the value of rest in such cases. To quote one example will be sufficient. A widow brought her son, who was a candidate for Christ's Hospital School. The lad presented the early symptoms of hip-joint disease, and his mother sought advice as he would soon be too old for admission. The prescription was that the boy should lie down for as long a period as his age would permit. His mother did not permit him to get up from his couch for four months; at the expiration of that time he was perfectly well, cured by rest alone, and obtained his admission into the school. Every fact that experience and observation bring before us shows most convincingly the constant tendency of Nature to repair those injuries to which the human framework and its marvellous tissues have been subjected, whether the injuries be the result of fatigue or exhaustion, inflammation or accident. This reparative power makes itself conspicuous when the disturbing cause has been removed, and thus presents to the physician or the surgeon a constantly recurring and sound guidance in professional practice.

The importance of the consideration of mere rest as a curative means cannot be too highly valued; and, after a perusal of Mr. Hilton's lucid lectures no one will dispute that repose, whether produced by sleep, mechanical support, local inaction anaesthetics, the surgeon's knife in severing the connection with irritating injured parts, or any other means, is a fundamental principle in the treatment of diseases, underlying, as an almost universal substratum, the efforts of surgery and medicine. Not less important is the value of pain. Not only does pain, by wearing out the mental energy, become conducive to the patient's obtaining the sleep or repose of body or limb required, but, traced to its source, followed by diligent examination to its exact seat and position, it instructs the surgeon or physician as to the exact seat of the disease or the injury; and Mr. Hilton is perfectly right in saying "that every pain has its distinct and pregnant signification."

BANK MONOPOLY.*

THE object of this tract, the principal portion of which was read at the Glasgow meeting of the Social Science Association, 1860, is to advocate the abolition of what the author considers the injurious monopoly of the Bank of England, and the establishment of a system of free banking. Mr. Guthrie would apparently permit any one who chooses to set up a bank, and issue notes on condition of paying them in gold upon demand. At the same time he would allow the Government, by a tax on the issue of notes, to draw to itself that share of the profit of the circulation to which it is entitled. It is possible that a good deal might be said in favour of such a scheme, but we cannot admit that anything of importance has been urged by the author of the present treatise. He is a victim to one of the commonest and most easily demonstrable of those fallacies which have such an irresistible fascination for gentlemen who aspire to reform the currency. According to him, the root of all evil in our present system is the existence of a fixed price for gold bullion. Now, although, after our confession, he will probably regard us with something of the lofty kind of pity which he bestows upon confused thinkers like Lord Overstone and the late Sir Robert Peel, we entertain the belief that the price of gold bullion is not fixed because the Bank of England is obliged by law to give £3. 17s. 9d. an ounce for it. It seems to us that it would be quite as reasonable to say that the price of barley was fixed if there were a public institution to which any one who chose might take the grain in bulk, and receive back a number of paper parcels containing an equivalent quantity of grain, minus a small deduction to cover the expense of making up the said parcels.

* Bank Monopoly the Cause of Commercial Crises. By George Guthrie. Blackwoods, Edinburgh.

We may be wrong, but we have never yet been able to see that the so-called purchases of bullion by the Bank of England amount to more than this. It is, in fact, scientifically absurd, although it may be convenient enough, to talk of "price" at all in such a transaction; for the "price" of one thing must be measured and ascertained by some other thing, and here there is only one commodity in question. It may be said that the payment for the bullion in notes complicates matters; but it does nothing of the kind. It amounts to no more—to recur to our former illustration—than if the keepers of the barley-store were, on receiving grain in bulk, to give so many delivery-orders for paper parcels, instead of at once handing over the paper parcels themselves. At all events, while these are our views, it would be as useless for us to undertake any laboured examination of the structure which Mr. Guthrie has built upon the opposite opinion, as it would be for a man who clings to the vulgar notion that two and two make four, to enter upon an arithmetical controversy with one who starts from the premiss that two and two make five.

THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood this month, as usual, contains but few articles, none of them marked by great brilliance. Cornelius O'Dowd continues his gossiping comments on "men and women, and other things in general," discoursing of Garibaldians and Italian organ-men, and of "the great Chevalier d'Industrie of our day," a certain Irishman who operates on the credulity of British travellers abroad. "Mr. Knight's Reminiscences" is an analytical review of Charles Knight's "Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century." Part VII. of "Tony Butler" follows. "Our Neutrality" is, of course, a political article, charging the Government with partiality towards the Northern States of America, in seizing the vessels in Mr. Laird's yards, and at the same time permitting the Federals to recruit men in Ireland. The involved and difficult, but undoubtedly very important, politics of Afghanistan and Persia are treated in an article called "Past and Present Troubles in Herat and Afghanistan," in which the writer speaks very highly of the diplomacy of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and blames our Government for not having supported him, and for giving its countenance at the present moment to a younger son of Dost Mahomed, rather than to his eldest son, Afzul Khan. A new story of German Life—"Annie and her Master"—is begun; and the number concludes with a second "Letter from Schleswig-Holstein."

Fraser opens with an article on "The Caucasus," one of a series on "Russia and her Dependencies." The account which the writer gives of the present state of the Circassians is interesting, but somewhat heavy. A criticism on Thackeray seems mainly written with a view to show the critic's dislike of the humanitarian school which prevailed from 1830 to 1848, and of which the most conspicuous example, perhaps, was Douglas Jerrold. He is loftily contemptuous of the tone adopted in the earlier volumes of *Punch*, and very indignant with Mr. Dickens for satirising the Court of Chancery and the Circumlocution Office. To the extent that Mr. Thackeray fell in with that school, the writer disapproves of him; but, in as far as he differed from it (which, we conceive, was to a very great extent), he was a worthy gentleman. But then he had had the advantage of a classical education, and was not so ill-mannered as some of his contemporaries and friends. The tone of the article is what Thackeray himself would have called "snobbish;" for, whatever may be the faults of the impulsive school, it has done a great deal of good work, and is not to be disposed of after this "gentleman's gentleman" fashion. Mr. Gardner's "History of James I." is the subject of a long review—an interesting analysis of an interesting work, based on newly discovered documents, and illustrating a very important turning-point of our English annals. "French Life" is a letter from Paris about social matters in general. "The Nineteenth Century" contains a contrast between the earlier and the later parts of that division of time. "About taking down the Sun" is a humorous rebuke of the fanaticism and gloom which distinguish the religious ideas of some people; and, in the concluding essay, "E. S." undertakes to answer the question, "How may a Peace Income-Tax be Supplanted?"

Of course, the chief feature in the *Cornhill* is the continuation of Thackeray's story, "Denis Duval." The tale does not make great progress, and the style strikes us as very garrulous and verbose, though with touches here and there of deep feeling and pathos. The garrulity may be intentional, for the supposed narrator is an old man, who even alludes to his habit of wandering from one memory to another; but the verisimilitude is sometimes too great to be agreeable. Poor Madame de Saverne dies in this number, and her daughter Agnes grows up to be a little girl of eight, with whom Denis, then a boy of thirteen, falls in love. The reader is already aware that in time they become man and wife. Denis goes on a visit to London, and shoots a highwayman on the road; and this highwayman is obscurely identified with one of the characters. The other continued tales are "The Small House at Allington" (concluded at length), and "Margaret Denzil's History." Amusing articles on "Royal Christenings," "Pagan and Christian Religious Sentiment," "The Emperor's Hounds," "Bookselling in the Thirteenth Century," "Working Men's Clubs" (recently described in *All the Year Round*, and with greater fulness), and other subjects, complete the number.

An important essay by the Very Rev. the Dean of Christchurch, Oxford (Mr. Henry G. Liddell), entitled "Subscription no Security," appears in the April number of *Macmillan*. The writer contends that subscription has failed to keep out of the Church the men whom the Church wished to exclude; that it has led to much scandal and heart-burning, and to the loss of many able and conscientious men who might otherwise have joined the Establishment; and that it would be better to substitute for subscription a simple and general form of declaration, leaving the Articles themselves untouched. The Rev.

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John Cunningham, D.D., discourses "On Sleep and Dreams," without adding much to our knowledge of those mysteries. The "Competition Wallah" has some remarks on "Christianity in India," from which it results that, although Hinduism is dying out in India, and is indeed almost dead, the faith of Jesus is not taking its place. The writer, however, believes that this will come in time, and that the best preparation for it will be the education of the people in the truths of European science and politics. We must not, he says, endeavour to hurry the work of conversion, but let it come in its own good time, as the consequence of a better civilization. Mr. Henry Fawcett's "Inaugural Lecture on Political Economy," delivered before the University of Cambridge on the 3rd of February, is balanced by a light, chatting article on Rome; and some interesting letters from Coleridge to Godwin, contributed and annotated by Mr. Garnett, who has already furnished several of Shelley's to the same Magazine, bring the present number to a close.

Popular Science this quarter is very good. The best article, though not the longest, is by Dr. Lankester, "On Proper Clothing." Clothing is not only employed for warmth, but also for coolness, for protection, and for ornament. It is one of the great objects of civilized man to adapt himself to all external temperatures by maintaining through his dress the natural blood-heat of his body, which is, all over the world, in inhabitants of the tropics and of the pole alike, a temperature of 98°. White as a colour has for years upon years been known as the most effective in retaining the heat of the body in cold seasons, and defending it against the sun in hot weather, black the most ineffective; and, as other colours hold intermediate places, the choice of colours needs attention, just as certain substances, such as wool and silk, cotton and flax, being the best non-conductors, are the most commonly employed as textile materials. Dr. Lankester, while he gives the merit of gracefulness to modern female attire, most resolutely attacks the ugliness and injuriousness of modern male habiliments, beginning with the top of man's head, or rather the chimney-pot covering that surmounts it, and assigning this as one of the causes of prevalent baldness; then, proceeding by the stiff collar—a source of great mischief by compressing the veins of the neck—through the garments of the body down to the shoes, and throughout the whole human dress, showing properly and wisely, if not how a man ought to dress, at least how he ought not, and at the same time detailing the principles upon which the individual should seek to robe himself. "Herrings and Herring-fishing," by the Editor, Dr. Lawson, is also a very good article, as is Mr. Culley's "Printing Telegraphs," and one on Dr. Tyndall's most philosophical experiments on the "Absorption and Radiation of Heat." Mr. Roberts, in an illustrated essay on Prehistoric Dwellings, offers a muddled medley of all sorts of things and ideas, from universal histories "in twenty folios" to a cottage ornée—if such a thing exist there—at St. John's-wood. He contends for two pre-Celtic races in Britain and over Europe, and refers to them the hut-circles of the Cheviots, the Irish cranoges, the Swiss lake-dwellings, the Kjekken-møddens of Denmark, and similar refuse accumulations of "exact parallel" in North America, and in the States of Maine and Connecticut. The chief attraction presented seems to be a hut-circle in Ross-shire, where a Rev. Mr. Joass has found "a portion of a human skull, uncommonly thick, and a periwinkle shell." The review of the third edition of the "Antiquity of Man" is objectionable, as attributing to Sir Charles Lyell opinions and investigations which are well known not to be his, but to have been published long before Sir Charles had contemplated the production of his recent work. The Scientific Summary is very full, and the number altogether an excellent one.

The *Intellectual Observer* scarcely maintains its wonted good character; at least we have no striking paper to review. "Egg-parasites," by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, takes the lead, and is followed by the first part of "Photography, its History, Position, and Prospects." "Ozone and Ozone Tests," by Mr. Lowe, is the best paper in the number. Mr. Henry Woodward strays from the Geological into the Antiquities department of the British Museum, and contributes a paper on the "Ancient Lake Habitations of Switzerland," a subject upon which we should have indeed welcomed an essay from Mr. Franks, and which has been far more cleverly elucidated by Mr. John Lubbock, in his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, than in the essay before us. The most valuable part of the paper is the catalogue of specimens in the British Museum, which, although no more than any visitor could have copied from the labels of the articles themselves, will be useful, not only to country but metropolitan readers, for reference.

The *Musical Monthly*, besides its literary matter, contains "A Shakespearian Fantasia for the Pianoforte," with an illustrated title-page, in which the poet is represented, in sentimental mood, looking out of a window at Stratford Church, and meditating verses.

The *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, the *Boys' Monthly Magazine*, and the *Boys' Own Magazine* (all of them Mr. Beeton's publications), are full of matter adapted to the readers they specially address.

SHORT NOTICES.

A Dark Night's Work. By Mrs. Gaskell. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—A new edition of this powerful story has been issued in an elegant volume, with four illustrations. We cannot say, however, that the pictures are at all to our taste. They are woodcuts, executed in that rough, rotten style which seems just at present to be considered the perfection of art, but which we should rather describe as the degradation of art to the level of mere barbarism.

The Chess Congress of 1862. Edited by J. Löwenthal, Manager and Foreign Correspondent. (Bohn).—The lover of chess is here provided with a collection of the games played, and a selection of the problems sent in for competition, during the great "chess congress" of 1862; together with an account of the proceedings, and a memoir of the

British Chess Association, by Mr. G.W. Medley, the honorary secretary. Where necessary, owing to extraordinary crises of the games, diagrams have been inserted, and in the explanatory notes every deviation from the ordinary play is recorded and critically examined. Devotees of the game will undoubtedly find Messrs. Löwenthal and Medley's work of great interest and value.

A Progressive Latin Grammar, for the Use of the Junior and Middle Classes in Schools. By the Rev. H. Musgrave Wilkins, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—Mr. Wilkins has come to the assistance of the younger boys in schools, and has made a collection of extracts from the Latin classics, graduated in point of difficulty, and annotated with a view to helping the student through the successive stages of his progress. The work consists of passages from Phædrus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Catullus, and Martial; but Mr. Wilkins says he has taken care to exclude everything of an objectionable character—an assurance which was certainly not unnecessary when we recollect the tremendous and not infrequent transgressions of those authors.

The Life of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. By G. R. Gleig, M.A., F.R.G.S., &c. (Longman & Co.)—This is "the people's edition" of a work already famous, which now appears in a crown octavo volume, with a portrait of the great warrior, from Sir Thomas Lawrence, as a frontispiece. The details of military operations and the history of political struggles have been condensed and simplified, so as to render the book more attractive to ordinary readers, and to afford space for a number of personal anecdotes collected by Mr. Gleig since the publication of former editions. The story of a great life is here told in a form well adapted to the non-professional public.

Index Geographicus (Blackwood & Sons).—The Messrs. Blackwood have published, in one large volume, an alphabetical list of the principal places on the globe, with the countries and subdivisions of the countries in which they are situated, and their latitudes and longitudes, compiled specially with reference to Keith Johnston's Royal Atlas, though it is stated to be applicable to all modern atlases and maps. The geographical student will find it of great service in enabling him to discover on the map any place of which he may be in search. The work has been executed on a very comprehensive scale, and even includes the names of insignificant places.

Elements of Modern Geography, for the Use of Junior Classes. By the Rev. Alexander Mackay, A.M., F.R.G.S. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Mr. Mackay has abridged his "Manual of Modern Geography," adding, however, some details which are not to be found in that work; and the book in its new form is now put forward for the benefit of pupils as the former was for that of teachers. It is clearly printed, and crammed with information as tightly as a drum with figs. We hope all our young readers will approve of that simile, and take advantage of the feast of knowledge provided for them by Mr. Mackay.

The Seven Sources of Health, by William Strange, M.D. (Renshaw), is a useful manual of directions for the preservation of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Mr. Strange was formerly sub-commissioner for taking evidence on the health of towns; and he appears to write with sense and knowledge. The "seven sources" to which he alludes are—air, light, heat, food, exercise, bathing, and sleep.

Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh, has commenced an edition, in shilling parts, of *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, with Biographical Sketch by Mary Cowden Clarke. The type is very small; but there are eyes which make light of that.

The Fractional Family, being the First Part of Spirit-Mathematics-Matter. By Arthur Young. (Sampson Low, Son, & Co.)—We honestly confess that we do not know what to make of this strange book, which is evidently of American origin. It is an attempt to explain the universe, the nature of man, and the laws of society, on mathematical principles, illustrated with diagrams. The author tells us that the universe is composed of spirit, matter, and mathematics,—the two first occupying the two ends of a pole, and the last being the "distributive centre of this primary axis." He thinks that the evils of the world have been owing to men living only in "the fractional family" instead of "the integral family,"—by which we understand him to mean that a system of Socialism is the goal which we ought all to labour after, and which can alone cure our miseries. Mr. Young has not the art of expressing himself clearly, and his assumption of scientific precision does not help the matter. It is always a hopeless business when a writer attempts to explain metaphysical abstractions by mathematical forms.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

AFTER the great cry that has recently been made about photolithography and photo-zincography, and the large sums of public money that have been spent in Southampton and London for multiplying ancient documents by this process, we were sorry to discover that the liability to error by the system is almost as great as by any other method. If the ordinary facsimilist is apt to overlook a letter, the ingredients used in photo-zincography are equally liable to act too strongly on one part of a page and too feebly on another—occasionally leaving out a portion of a letter, twisting it into something else, or giving only a smudge. After the elaborate prospectuses put forth by the promoters of the new edition of the "First Folio, from the unrivalled originals in the Libraries of Bridgewater House and the British Museum," we certainly had very great faith in the correctness of the intended publication. But, unluckily for the continuance of a belief in the "unerring accuracy" of the new process, we had, within the past few days, commenced an examination of Mr. Howard Staunton's "facsimile." With the exception of a little indistinctness or rudeness in the printing—which we took to be a kind of proof of the genuineness of the old folio, the same as an extra quantity of dirt on a bottle is supposed to be a more complete proof of the "curious" quality of the wine within—we got through three columns very well,

but a completely new reading showed itself in the fourth. Prospero, speaking to Miranda of Antonio, says:—

"Set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
The luy which had hid my princely Trunk."

Upon referring to the original in the British Museum, we find *care*, and not *care*, given. A curious fact is this, that the letter *c*, in the misprint "*care*," is one of the most perfectly-formed letters in the column. Of course, the photographic process failed to produce the faint line of the *c*. But this failure is apparent in numerous other places. Just above, *Mira*. (contraction of *Miranda*) is given in the facsimile very like *Mora*. In Digges's Verses "to the Memorie of W. Shakespeare," the semicolon in the third line is given in the facsimile as a full stop out of place. We have no wish to be hypercritical, but the words, "facsimile," "unerring accuracy," "faithful reprint," have only one meaning to ordinary minds—exact and punctilious reproduction. It has been said that Upcott, the Librarian of the London Institution, discovered no less than 368 misprints in the reprint, many years ago, of the "first folio," by the firm in which Tom Hood's father was a partner. It seems that recent attempts will require other Upcotts to go over them.

Mr. Hotten, the publisher, of Piccadilly, was the principal purchaser at the late Mr. Thackeray's sale of volumes containing autograph memoranda, and unpublished pencil and pen and ink sketches by the great novelist.

The publishing of small photographs forms a large and important item in American commerce just now. The vast number of distinguished officers and great statesmen, however, seems rather an awkward matter for collectors, especially if they do not happen to possess about two dozen photographic albums to contain the portraits of these distinguished men. One publisher says that his list includes 72 major-generals, 190 brigadier-generals, 259 colonels, 84 lieut.-colonels, 207 other officers, 60 officers of the navy, 525 statesmen, 127 divines, 116 authors, 30 artists, 112 actors, 46 prominent women.

The valuable little copy of Shakespeare's "*Venus and Adonis*," printed at Edinburgh in 1627, which was sold last week at Messrs. Sotheby's sale-rooms for £115, was, we hear, the property of Mr. Jeffries, the bookseller, of Bristol. Only one other copy of this edition is known, and that, unlike the present, is imperfect.

The story of "*Pet Marjorie*" has been reprinted in America, and is having a large sale.

The mania for autographs is spreading. At a recent sale held by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson in Leicester-square, many of the signatures realized exceedingly high prices. A French correspondent writes to say:—"There is quite a passion in Paris now for fac-similes of autographs. A weekly journal of fac-similes appears, and meets with an enormous sale. It is interesting, even should one be averse from going as far as M. Theodore de Banville, who pretended to read the writer's character in his writing. We are fond of everything connected with eminent men. We like to see their faces, or, failing that, their photographic likenesses, their residences, their books, and their autographs. On one page of this fac-simile are to be found these phrases over their signatures:—'My name is not worthy to appear in this collection. DE BROGLIE.'—'Nor mine neither. GEORGE SAND.'—'Humbug! CHARLES PHILLIPON.'—'O triple pride! VIENNET.'—'Say quadruple pride, and let's hear no more. PAUL FEVAL.'—'I don't know what to say, and I confess it. A. THIERS.'—'O chatter-box! EMILE DE GIRARDIN.'—'There are two men of this day the most prolific of ideas—M. Emile de Girardin promises one a day, and M. Thiers, without promising, gives a thousand. They were worth much the day they wrote the foregoing! SALVANDY.'—'I have nothing to add to that which I see expressed here. L. REYBAUD.'—'Silence! somebody is listening to us! The year of grace 1852. ODILON BARROT.'"

Speaking of autographs we may mention that numerous sales of libraries and other literary collections, disposed of on account of the war, have recently taken place in New York, Philadelphia, and the other large transatlantic cities. Very recently, we learn, a large number of autographs, coins, medals, and miscellaneous curiosities, were sold by auction for the benefit of the Cincinnati branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Some idea of the extent of the extraordinary collection may be inferred from the fact that the catalogue runs through thirty-nine pages. The items were of an extremely diversified character. There were autographs of nearly all the literary, political, and military notabilities of America, as well as of many eminent English and European characters, with a number of interesting autograph albums and scrap-books. The papers of the historical collection of Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, formed one of the items, and it is curious to learn that President Lincoln's original amnesty proclamation of December 8, 1863, is also in the list. Amongst some of the miscellaneous items were Indian dolls, pieces of Plymouth rock, a fragment of the ancient temple of King Solomon, a rebel rattlesnake skin, "Bailey's Dictionary," and the oldest playbill in Ohio.

A good deal of scandal has been created by the publication in the first number of the *Autographic Mirror* of a letter from Mr. Dickens on a painful subject. Some comments on the affair recently appeared in *Punch*, where it was stated that the original had been procured on the solemn promise of the editor of the publication in question that nothing but the subscription should be copied. The editor has addressed a letter to the *Morning Herald*, denying this statement, and affirming that the owner of the letter gave him permission to publish the whole of it, with the exception of the names. We agree with the *Daily News* in thinking that there has been a fault somewhere. The letter ought not to have been published without Mr. Dickens's permission; and it makes no difference that two persons have sinned in this respect, instead of one.

A German translation of Mrs. Norton's last novel, "*Lost and Saved*," has been published in Leipsic. The translator is F. Seybold.

Owing to "the reckless way in which, without due caution," Professor Owen "sneers at the idea that death came upon the animal creation because of sin," the committee of the Young Men's Christian Association have resolved that they "will not publish in a collected form the usual annual volume of the Exeter Hall Lectures." They will allow the publishers, Messrs. Nisbet, to issue the volume, but they shrink from the responsibility themselves.

One of the sons of the distinguished English poetess, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, has long resided in Italy, where he embraced the Catholic faith. In Florence, Celline & Co. have published two portions of a work by him, entitled "*Catholic Italy*." The first part gave the author's views upon the Italian question, and the second, which has very recently appeared, contains an exhaustive and able account of the monuments of Italy and Sicily. Another son of Mrs. Hemans obtained high reputation and fortune as a civil engineer in Ireland, particularly on the construction of railroads there.

Some Shakespeare burlesques are announced; amongst them one on the Tercentenary Festival. We are afraid, however, that after the fun that has already been made upon the subject, the public will not be much inclined to pay for any additional facetiae.

The English residents in Paris, who have formed themselves into a committee, with Mr. Blanchard Jerrold as honorary secretary, are to celebrate the Tercentenary day by a banquet, at which Lords Grey and Cowley will be present. The working men of London are to plant a sapling oak from Windsor Forest in one of the parks, to be called henceforth "*The Shakespeare Oak*," and are afterwards to have a musical festival in the Agricultural Hall. Cardinal Wiseman is to deliver a lecture on Shakespeare, in aid of the monument, next June or July—a day or two after the fair; and the Lord Mayor has convened a meeting of influential gentlemen connected with the city, to be held at the Mansion House on Monday week.

The *Fisherman's Magazine and Review*, to be edited by Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, is announced for publication this month. From the prospectus we learn that the object of the projectors of the publication is, first and foremost, to offer to fishermen—"anglers" in generic phraseology—the advantage of a regular organ of their own. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will be the publishers.

The sale of the collection of manuscripts belonging to the Duchess de Berry recently took place in the auction rooms of the Rue Dronot, and attracted amateurs from all parts of Europe. The principal manuscripts were disposed of as follows:—"Le Livre d'Heures du Roi Henri II., et de la Reine Catherine de Medicis," containing fifty-five miniatures of the Royal Family of France, attributed to Clouet, and five by Petitot added to the volume, was knocked down for 60,000 f. The purchaser was M. Barby de Jouy, acting either for the Emperor himself or for the Musée des Souverains. "Orationes Devotissimæ," &c., a valuable manuscript on vellum, written by Louise de Savoie, mother of Francis I., for her daughter Marguerite de Valois, embellished with beautiful miniatures, an octavo volume bound in red morocco, was purchased by M. Techener for 3,210 f. "Prières Chrétiennes," on vellum, 8vo., with perforated borders, in a magnificent mosaic binding, and containing the miniatures of the fifteenth century, cut from a "Livre d'Heures," fetched 1,260 f. "Exercices de Penitence, dédié à la Reine," on vellum, 8vo., with perforated borders, richly bound in compartments, containing the cipher of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, and ornamented with numerous miniatures, several of them in camaieu, 2,020 f. The "Livre de Chasse de Gaston Phoebus," 5,000 f. The "*Horæ Virginis*," in Latin, on vellum, 8vo., with 107 miniatures, and 24 vignettes accompanying the calendar at the beginning of the volume, was purchased by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard for 3,500 f. "Liber de Vitâ Christi," by Ludolphe le Chartreux, 3 vols., folio, in double columns, bound in violet velvet, and embellished with numerous miniatures, was bought by M. Didot for 3,800 f. "Horæ Latinæ," on vellum, 8vo., with tortoiseshell lids, and containing fifteen large, highly-finished miniatures in camaieu, 1,720 f. "Horæ Latinæ," on vellum, wide margins, 4to., well bound in law calf, tooled and embellished with nineteen line miniatures, 1,320 f. The "Livre d'Heures" of Queen Jeanne de Navarre, 1,000 f. The total proceeds of the sale amounted to 98,075 f.

Messrs. BELL & DALDY will issue immediately "The Book of Psalms: a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory," by the Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, B.D., Vice-Principal of Lampeter College, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Norwich; "The Doctrine of Election," by Edward Fry; "A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," by John William Draper, M.D., LL.D.; and "The Decline of the Roman Republic," by George Long, M.A.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly issue Goldwin Smith's "Short History of England," the works of the famous Bishop Berkeley, now first collected, and an entirely new edition of Chaucer's works.

Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, of Glenmoriston, head of the publishing house of W. and R. Chambers, is preparing a history of his native county, Peeblesshire, in one royal 8vo volume of about 500 pages, which will comprehend an historical narrative from the earliest times, with an account of the geology, natural history, antiquities, and rural and general progress of the county; also an account of each parish (burgh of Peebles included), with notices of the principal families and estates. The whole will be illustrated with two maps (one ancient, the other modern), and a profusion of wood engravings in the highest style of art. The volume will be bound in the manner of the Roxburgh Club Books, and its price will probably be one guinea. It is expected to be ready early in the summer of 1864. The impression will be limited.

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REVIEW

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